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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Facts About HK

TUNISIAN REFORMS APPROVED

Paris, Aug. 27. The French National Assembly tonight approved the French Government's North African policy by an overwhelming majority of 451 votes to 122 against.

The vote was taken on a Radical motion which stated that the Assembly approved statements on a tour of Southeast Asia. Mr Attlee's visit to the Colony will enable him to see at first-hand some of our many problems and how we are coping with them. And although the visit will only be a short one (two days), the knowledge he will gain will undoubtedly contribute to a fuller understanding of the vital function this Colony is performing and its capable of performing for Britain in the Far East.

The visiting party of Mr. Attlee later in the month should also profit from their short visit here. Parliamentary visits outside Britain are all too infrequent and today there is a very great need for our legislators to understand problems outside their own shores, particularly in the Far East. Government White Papers invariably make dull reading. They should therefore be able to put their Southeast Asian visit to good use. Also this month, His Excellency the Governor, at present on leave, begins his lecture tour of America. His message about Hongkong will be delivered not only to a number of influential organizations but also over various television networks and his remarks will therefore be assured of reaching a wide audience.

Earlier in the debate the Premier had told the Assembly that there could be no thought of the eventual return of the former Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, to the throne.

BAPTIZED

"One of the causes of uneasiness that reigns in Morocco is the movement of opinion existing in favour of the former sultan," he said.

The Premier expressed satisfaction with the situation in Tunisia where, he said: "A climate of mutual confidence had been re-created that will favour the progress of the coming negotiations."

M. Christian Fouchet, Minister of Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs, defended the consulting of Neo-Destour opinion in connection with Tunisia and added that the Bey himself was conscious of its importance.

Replying to M. René Mayer, the Minister said that his suggestion for integrating all North Africa in the Atlantic Pact would be studied by the government. — Reuter and France Presse.

Prisoners Riot

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 27. Between 300 and 400 convicts rioted today at the Central Penitentiary and the police had to be called from the outside to help restore order.

Several guards and prisoners who refused to join in the riot were beaten up. The situation in the prison was described as "tense". The riot came as a government committee investigating prison conditions in the islands was ready to present its preliminary report.

A lesser disorder at the large District Prison was reported last night.—United Press.

Mendes-France May Agree To A New Delay

Paris, Aug. 27. The French Cabinet agreed tonight to defer a decision on ratification of the European Army treaty if necessary to enable further negotiations to be held on France's demand for revisions to the treaty, well informed sources said tonight.

Reliable sources said the Premier would ask the National Assembly tomorrow or Sunday to postpone debate on the European Defence Community until France could meet again with the five other nations of the EDC.

The sources said M. Mendes-France told a Cabinet meeting he would accept a "mandate" from the Assembly to reopen the negotiations, which collapsed a week ago in Brussels, and that the mandate would be presented early in tomorrow's session of Parliament.

The decision was regarded as a move to save his young government from splitting wide open on the controversial problem of rearming Germany under EDC by agreeing to abandon his determination to ram a yes or no EDC decision through the Assembly immediately.

The sources said his five pro-EDC Ministers, who had threatened to resign in advance of the EDC debate, would now stick with him.

His motion is expected to call for adjournment until further negotiations with the other five members of EDC—Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

But the sources said M. Mendes-France demanded that the mandate embody the same compromise formula he fought for last week in the Belgian capital—that he could not be expected to accept one week what he had rejected the last.

Observers believe there was a good chance the Assembly would pass the motion for adjournment and EDC would not be debated until September 22. In the meantime, it appeared possible that new concessions offered today by the Belgian Foreign Minister, Paul Henri Spaak, might enable the EDC nations to reach a compromise. — Reuter and France Presse.

BRITISH SHOCK

London, Aug. 28. News of the probable postponement of the EDC vote in the French Assembly came as a shock to British official opinion last night.

It had been confidently assumed here that the four-day European Defence Community debate in the French Assembly which starts today would result in a firm decision one way or another, which would either establish or kill the long delayed plan to set up a European army.

According to diplomatic quarters here a main purpose of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr Anthony Eden in their Chartwell conference last Monday with French Premier, M. Pierre Mendes-France was to urge that the debate and the vote should take place as planned.

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SUNDAY

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20th Century-Fox COLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70c, 50c

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

We just don't seem to be able to get away from westerns — there's another batch of them this week, beginning with the comparatively civilised "Johnny Guitar".

That's at the HOOVER and they have "Make Haste To Live" scheduled to follow on.

Then at the EMPIRE, after "The African Queen", their western is called "Fort Osage".

Following "The Seekers" at the LEE and GREAT WORLD we have the Seminole and Kiowa Indians featured in "War Arrow" and Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark and Susan Hayward fight the Apaches in "Garden Of Evil" at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

The CAPITOL's show after "Quo Vadis" will be a re-issue of "Green Dolphin Street" and then "Rose Marie".

After "Invaders From Mars", the KING'S and PRINCESS will show "Prisoners Of The Casbah", then "Beat The Devil". The latter will be playing at the same time at the EMPIRE.

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, Fernandel in "Public Enemy Number One" will give way to "The Saracen's Blade".

I wish I knew why Joan Crawford can go on year after year producing the same type of woman in a different setting each time and yet still manage to command one's interest.

The test of a good film, be it musical, adventure, drama or comedy, is whether or not it succeeds in holding your attention from start to finish. "Johnny Guitar" has many faults but I think it accomplishes this—it captured and held mine.

Joan Crawford's face plastered fair and square in the centre of the screen, eyes dilated, harsh mouth shouting belligerent threats is a familiar shot that fits into any of her pictures; but even while you're marvelling at the lack of subtlety and deep feeling, you can't help but be carried along by the magic of this star's personality.

Which, I suppose, is what stops her from being a great actress in the old fashioned sense of the word. It's the Crawford personality coming out in every part. She's Mildred Crawford Pierce, Joan Torch Song Crawford or, in this case, Joan Vienna Crawford, every time.

Mercedes McCambridge who has the secondary feminine role in the picture, is much more of a dramatic actress than Joan Crawford. Yet the mechanics of her acting showed through in "Johnny Guitar" and she stole no scenes from the star.

Culled upon subtly to work up the feelings of a posse to the pitch necessary to lynch Joan Crawford (owner of a gambling house) one felt that she was standing back admiring her performance to such an extent as to make it ludicrous.

I could have kicked the sheriff and his band of hypocrites for being swayed by such obvious soap boxing. And yet—I don't know—many mobbs have been fired as easily. Perhaps it was my admiration for the Crawford personality that made me biased.

The quarrel between these two women is the motivating force behind the action of the picture.

Ostensibly, Scott Brady, in love with Vienna (Joan Crawford) and in turn half-hated, half-loved by Mercedes McCambridge is the bone of contention. But in reality it's the natural loathing of a forceful woman, unattractive to men, for the same type who is.

Sterling Hayden, as Johnny Guitar, the soft-spoken wanderer who hopes to reclaim Vienna

after a separation of five years, is most convincing. The fact that he's supposed to have been a notorious gunman in the past hasn't made him play the part as a hard-bitten hoodlum—the slight weakness in his character is thought he did very well.

The guitar music, and in fact the whole musical score contributes materially to the entertainment value of this picture—it's by Victor Young.

Before leaving Johnny Guitar, one or two clever points—the dramatic effect in this coloured film of the clothes of the lynching party, coupled with John Crawford's all white billowing dress; the unexpected, unheralded blast of dynamite at the beginning of the film capturing the interest at the outset; the arresting shot of Vienna's bizarre gambling saloon apparently rising straight out of the desert.

FOR ONCE

For once, in "Fort Osage" a frontier scout isn't assigned to the U.S. Cavalry and his advice to the commander ignored.

Amidst the battery of western artillery we've had and are having hurled at us, I can't help being impressed by the undoubted courage of the early settlers who headed west from the comparative comfort of the east, to face the certain dangers of the wild Indian country that lay between them and the fertile lands of California.

It's like a brush toothpaste advertisement—sooner or later the burrage overwhelms you and against your will you have to be impressed.

My main quarrel with westerns is that they're usually so wildly improbable and contain such impossible unreal characters that they're reduced to the level of a comic strip.

But with so many settlers in so many westerns dying with their boots on in the middle of what must have been to them, terrifyingly alien barren country, I'm beginning to see why so many people are inspired by their bravery. After all, why shouldn't the film companies cash in on the two most colourful patches of American history—the Indian wars and the Civil War?

In "Fort Osage", Rod Cameron is hired by two shady individuals to escort a wagon train from Fort Osage to California.

In spite of being the leader of the expedition and as such, in a position to decide when the wagons shall leave, he finds inexplicable delays of every turn. Our two friends who've hired him are of course at the back of it all, having wrangled on a deal to deliver certain goods to a guarantee of safety for the wagon train.

Guns blaze, villains plot, Indians whoop and eventually off we go on the trail to the west. Jane Fonda is the girl.

INTER-INDIAN

Maureen O'Hara has been in films quite some time—more years than she probably cares to remember—but she still radiates a freshness that some of the stars of the same vintage have lost somewhere along the road to fame.

She's in "War Arrow" with Jeff Chandler now. Not a role calling for great feats of historical talent, but she graces it with her own attractive brand of Irish charm.

It's Indian against Indian in "War Arrow", with Jeff Chandler as Major Brady, enlisting the help of the peaceful Seminoles against the warlike Kiowas.

The Seminoles were originally from the swamplands of Florida and I should have thought their usefulness in country unfamiliar to them, against an enemy on his home ground, would be limited. However, they seem to manage all right—and Jeff Chandler gets the girl.

For the first half of "Garden Of Evil" I thought I was going

to have to dig deep into my box of superlatives to find words of praise adequate to describe it.

The scenery was wonderful, Susan Hayward as a gold prospector's wife didn't have a single change of clothing, Gary Cooper's face while delivering a monotonous grunt, by way of dialogue was a joy to watch—all the thoughtfully deft touches of a really good movie were falling logically into the pattern designed for them.

Then, I'm afraid, I began to notice the odd corny touch here and there in the dialogue. And that, given that the trek from the Garden of Evil was scheduled to take five days, it was beginning to seem as though the riders really would take that long to get there.

It was as though everyone had started out with an excellent idea, with a good cast, with the right medium for bringing both to the screen (CinemaScope) and then got a little overwhelmed half way through.

The story is about four men picked up by Leah in the Mexican village. Three of them are waiting for their ship to be patched up sufficiently to take them on to the gold-fields of California. The other is Mexican.

Her object is to get them to ride back with her into the interior where her husband is trapped, badly wounded, in his gold mine. Most of the film is spent in convincing us that this Leah is plenty much

All the characters have lines of script to be delivered wonderfully, grudgingly, winking and forcefully, respectively, to this effect. Her own is spoken in a low, throaty voice, but is quite down to earth—nothing at all suggestive of the "hidden force" she's supposed to possess. Maybe you'll discover this elusive something—I'm still thinking about it.

Gary Cooper (although he and Richard Widmark are co-starred, he's obviously the one to be considered first) is big slow moving, slow talking and apart from telling Leah that he once was a sheriff, that's all we know about him.

Richard Widmark tells Gary Cooper that he's firstly a gambler and secondly a poet. I think he must have been fooling about the second.

Cameron Mitchell is a tricky young fellow, a cross between Dane Clark and John Garfield to look at and with the same truculent "I'm a tough boy-soc" attitude towards everyone.

Victor Manuel Mendoza is a simple Mexican.

All four are supposed to infer that they're pretty bad medicine for a lone woman to ride the jungles and mountains of Mexico with, but instead of the obvious happening, we have the youngster blubbling when chastened by Cooper; Widmark

It's a bit involved, but as it's labelled a Technicolour swashbuckler by the people who made it, you won't bother too much with the plot—the action's the thing.

Ricardo Montalban is the Crusader of the 13th century, Frank Verby was on fairly safe ground when he invented the bold baron and married his daughter to an assassin who had stolen her from the son of the man he had murdered.

It's a bit involved, but as it's labelled a Technicolour swashbuckler by the people who made it, you won't bother too much with the plot—the action's the thing.

Ricardo Montalban is the man who gallops off to fight the Saracens when his friend is married by the murderer of his father, and the killer himself is Rick Jason.

The latest company to join the 'Scope race is R.K.O. Radio. They've adopted the Tushinsky process called Superscope which fits the film to the screen in existence already.

The two Tushinsky brothers showed their finished product to the American film industry and press back in March of this year, but apparently it's only a month since R.K.O. Radio announced that they will be handling the overseas distribution of this process.

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Sterling Hayden, as Johnny Guitar, the soft-spoken wanderer who hopes to reclaim Vienna

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Betta St. John

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AT 86, GRANDMA PARKER STARTED PAINTING LIKE A PROFESSIONAL

Residents of this northern Ontario town will put 86-year-old Grandma Parker up against the United States' Grandma Moses any day in a painting contest.

Mrs. Naomi Parker began to paint two years ago using a \$4.00 set of oils and the tops of cardboard shoe boxes. Today her work shows a sense of colour and proportion which has won the praise of professional critics and which neighbours think is just as good as Grandma Moses' painting and maybe better.

A daughter, Mrs. T. J. Stuart, ordered the paints after Grandma Parker announced, at 84, that she was through with quilts and mats, of which she had made hundreds.

"When she got the paints, she turned to them as if she had been waiting for them all her life," Mrs. Stuart recalls.

The Men Are More Fussy About Their Haircuts

(Yes, You've Guessed It) Than Women

Los Angeles, California. Men are more fussy about hair stylings than women. Right now they're going in a big way for finger-waving and fancy haircuts.

These revelations were unfolded before delegates to the California Associated Master Barbers and Beauticians' Convention.

The group's Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Vernon L. Rose, a veteran of 30 years of cutting hair, said men give barbers the biggest headaches.

"The men . . . after the job is done, want a little more off here and some other little changes there," Rose said. "Just so it will be different from last time."

"But once a woman is satisfied with a 'cortado cut,'" he added, "she will want it just to that way for a long time to come, and won't ask the barber for little trimmings-up."

President George Timme said that finger-waving and fancy haircuts are becoming "highly popular with males all over the world, from 15 to 50 years old." —United Press.

Redskins To Get Gift Of \$1,500

Shawano, Wisconsin. The U.S. Government will hand over a check for \$1,500 to each of the 3,255 members of the Menominee Indian tribe this week.

The \$3,000,000 pay-off is part of a bill signed by President Eisenhower last month which will free the tribe from government supervision by the end of 1958.

The tribe has approximately \$8,500,000 on deposit with the government. For those who are under 18, mentally incompetent or unable to manage their own affairs, the money will be deposited in their names and administered by tribe officials. —United Press.

PHILIPS Minigroove 33 1/3 LONG PLAYING RECORDS**BEETHOVEN**Symphony No. 1 & Symphony No. 8
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B Flat Major K.V. 456 F Major K.V. 459
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*The Records of the Century***SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith**

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"I'm disappointed in you, Joe! With the country as prosperous as it is, you let a housewife slip you stale bread!"

Cheesecake And Beefcake In Mae West's New Show

Las Vegas, Nevada.

While the Miss Universe girls are still counting their trophies, Mr America of 1954 passed them up and is the newest, but "slightly embarrassed," semi-nude night club star in town.

Dick Dubois and his retinue of seven other muscle men caused a minor riot when they showed up, bare except for white Greek-type bikinis, in Mae West's night club debut.

As the veteran Queen of Sex explained it, this is the first time in history the ladies in the audience have something to ogle at while their husbands check the measurements of the chorus girls.

Dick and the other boys, all Mr America contestants, assume those stances you see in physical culture magazines—arms akimbo, muscles bulging, stomach yanked in to the backbone.

After three days of rehearsals by despising dance director Charlie O'Corran, the he-men also do an alleged dance. They even wiggle their chest muscles.

One woman at the table screamed. Another sniffling, however, that the Kinsey report says women aren't interested in looking at bare chests.

"Yeah, we're a little bit embarrassed," Dick admitted after the show. "Some of the guys blush. But parading on the stage isn't too much different from the Mr America contests."

Here To Stay

"Besides, it's a great revelation of masculine virility. This will revolutionize show business. It's never been done before. I think beefcake is here to stay."

The muscle boys have changed life around the hotel, at least. The chorus girls spent their afternoons dozing by the swimming pools. But the male Marilyn Monroe brought along bombshells and lift weights to keep them in shape every day.

Some of them, liked their chorus girl counterparts, are not interested in the mental side of life. But Dubois studied Shakespeare and has loftier ambitions than showing off his shape.

"I want to be a dramatic actor," he said. "I've had parts in pictures for two years."

She's Fascinating

Recently the curly-haired blond from New York played Debbie Reynolds' boy friend in "Athens" at M-G-M.

Why did he decide to take up muscle building? "I've had the ambition since I was a child to be the most perfect man in America," he said.

The total cost of the extensive repairs has not been determined but some \$300,000 in appropriations is said to be available for starting work on the warship, docked for years at the shipyard.

"Old Ironsides" will receive new planking above the water line and her masts will be strengthened.

Even when the repairs are complete, "Old Ironsides" won't be completely seaworthy. As one admiral put it, "She's an old lady with a bad back."

SPECIAL SALE

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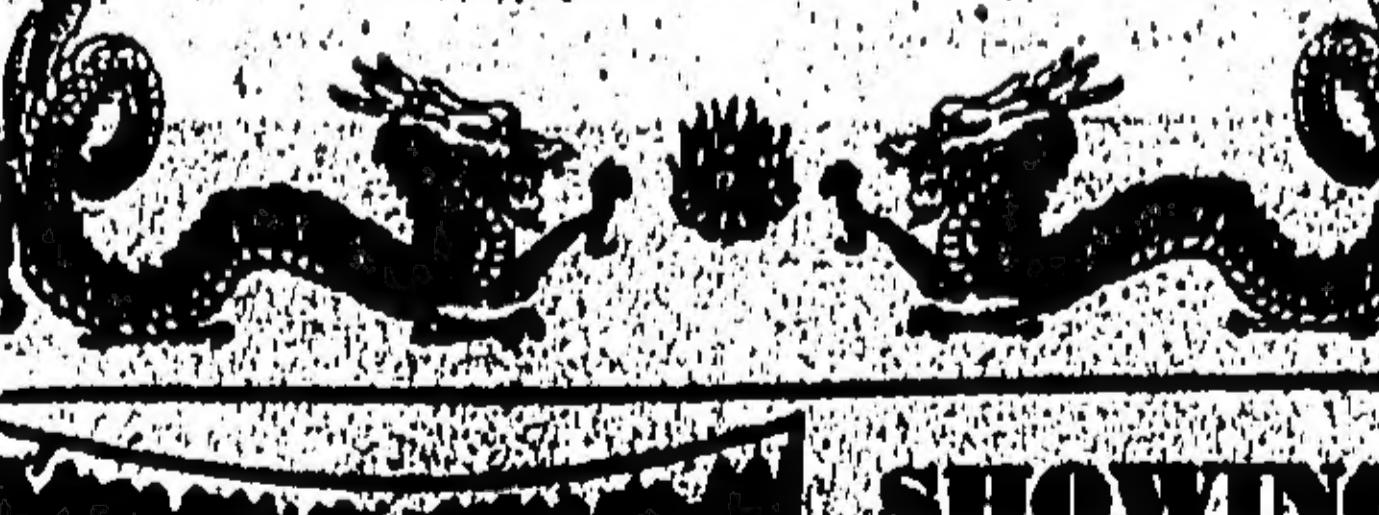
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Bertrand's Fifth Symphony, performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli.

HOMESTIDE PICTORIAL



EVA BARTOK fulfilled one of her ambitions when she played a short scene from Bernard Shaw's "St Joan" in the BBC television service. This is how the film star looked in her part. (Express)



LORD RUSSELL of Liverpool, who has resigned his post as Assistant Judge Advocate General because he refused to suppress his book about German war crimes, "The Scourge of the Swastika." (Express)



LEFT: One of the oldest wildfowlers still at work is 80-year-old Walter Linnet of Bradwell-on-the-Sea, near Burnham, Essex. He has lived all his life there, still shoulders his 10 bore gun and is a fine shot on the marshes.



BRITAIN'S youngest millionaire is 26-year-old Leonard Wolfson, son of Isaac Wolfson, boss of the Great Universal Stores organisation. (Express)

BELLOW: Exhibition by the Post Office Art Club of Great Britain near the churchyard of Christchurch, Greyfriars, London. (Express)



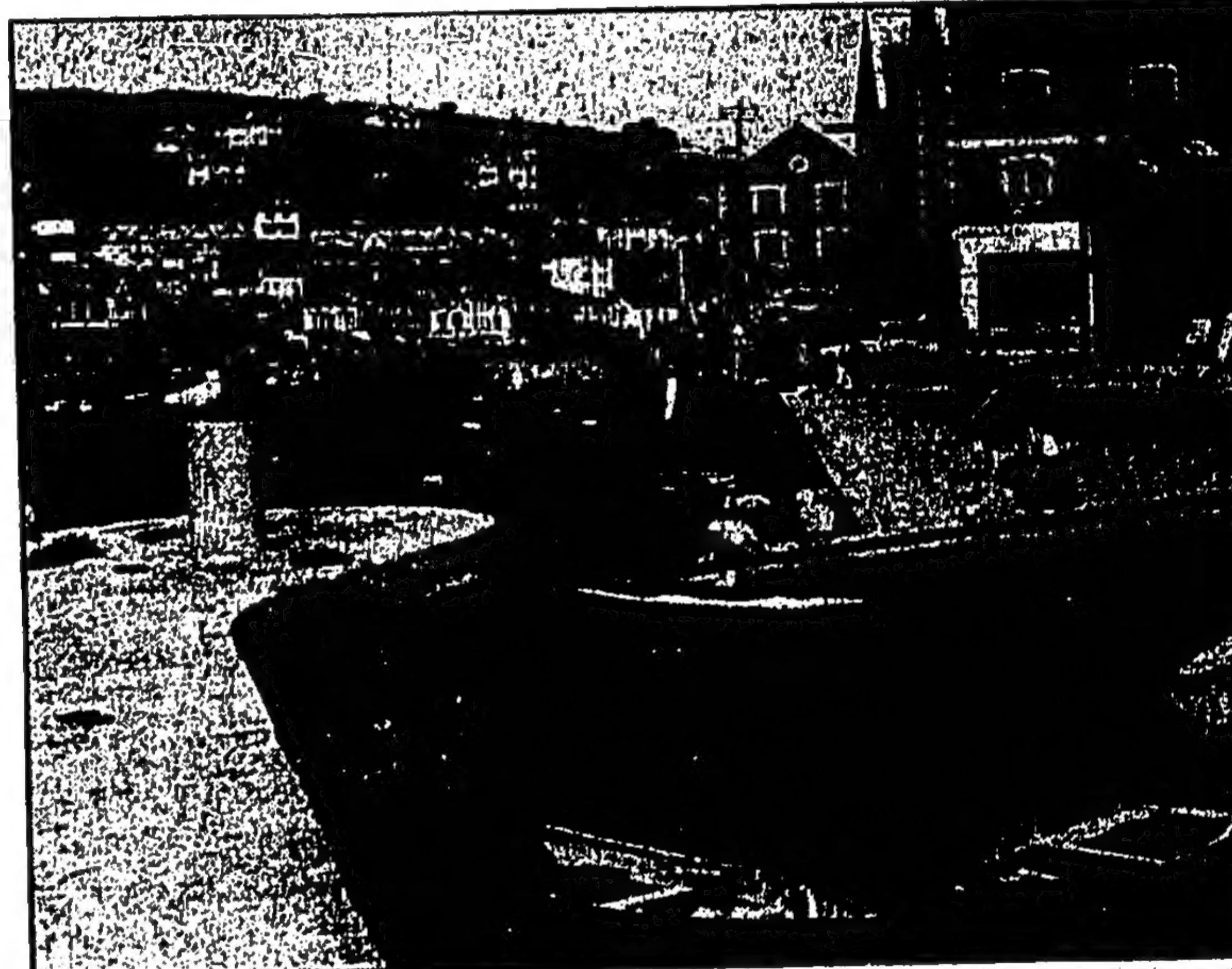
PRINCESS MARGARET arriving for divine service at the 18th century Traquair church, near Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. She was a guest of Lord and Lady Glenconner for the weekend. (Express)



DR Roger Bannister, winner of the Mile Race in the Empire Games, and Jim Peters, who collapsed near the finishing line in the Marathon, wave to the crowd at Peters' home, Chadwell Heath. Also in picture are Peters' wife and two children.



FIVE of the 19 American college girls who have arrived in London on a 2700-mile tour of Europe. They are Ann Patrick, Rose Montgomery, Betty Forbes, Sally Wood McMullen and Clarita Ballard. (Express)



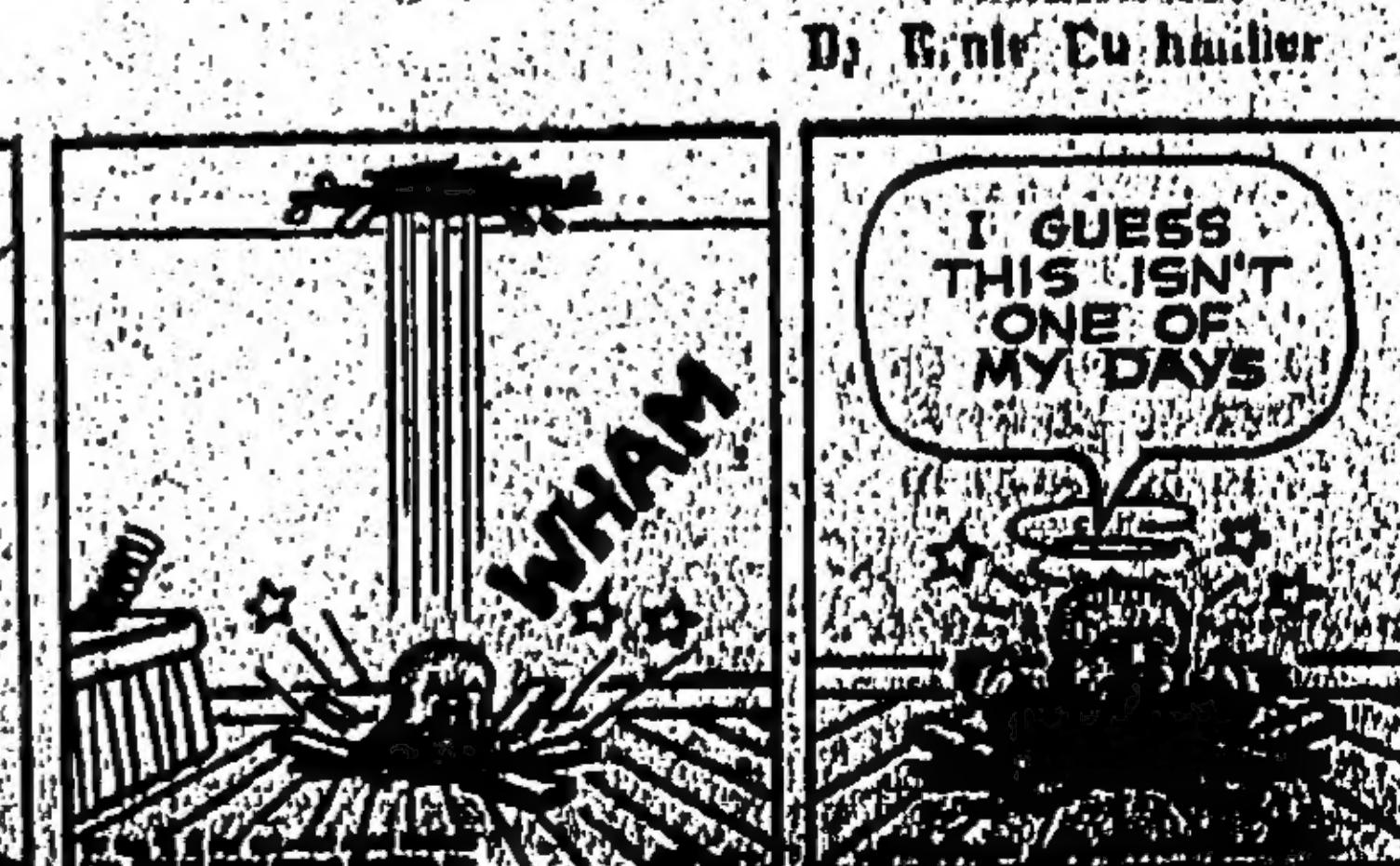
RIGHT: Despite the uncertain weather, holiday-makers from all over Britain are enjoying the scenic beauty of Cornwall. Typical of the many quaint harbours along this coast is Looe, pictured here painted with sunshine.



LORD and Lady St Levan have given their lovely island home, St Michael's Mount, off Marazion (Penzance) Cornwall, to the National Trust. Above is a new view of St Michael's Mount from the mainland.



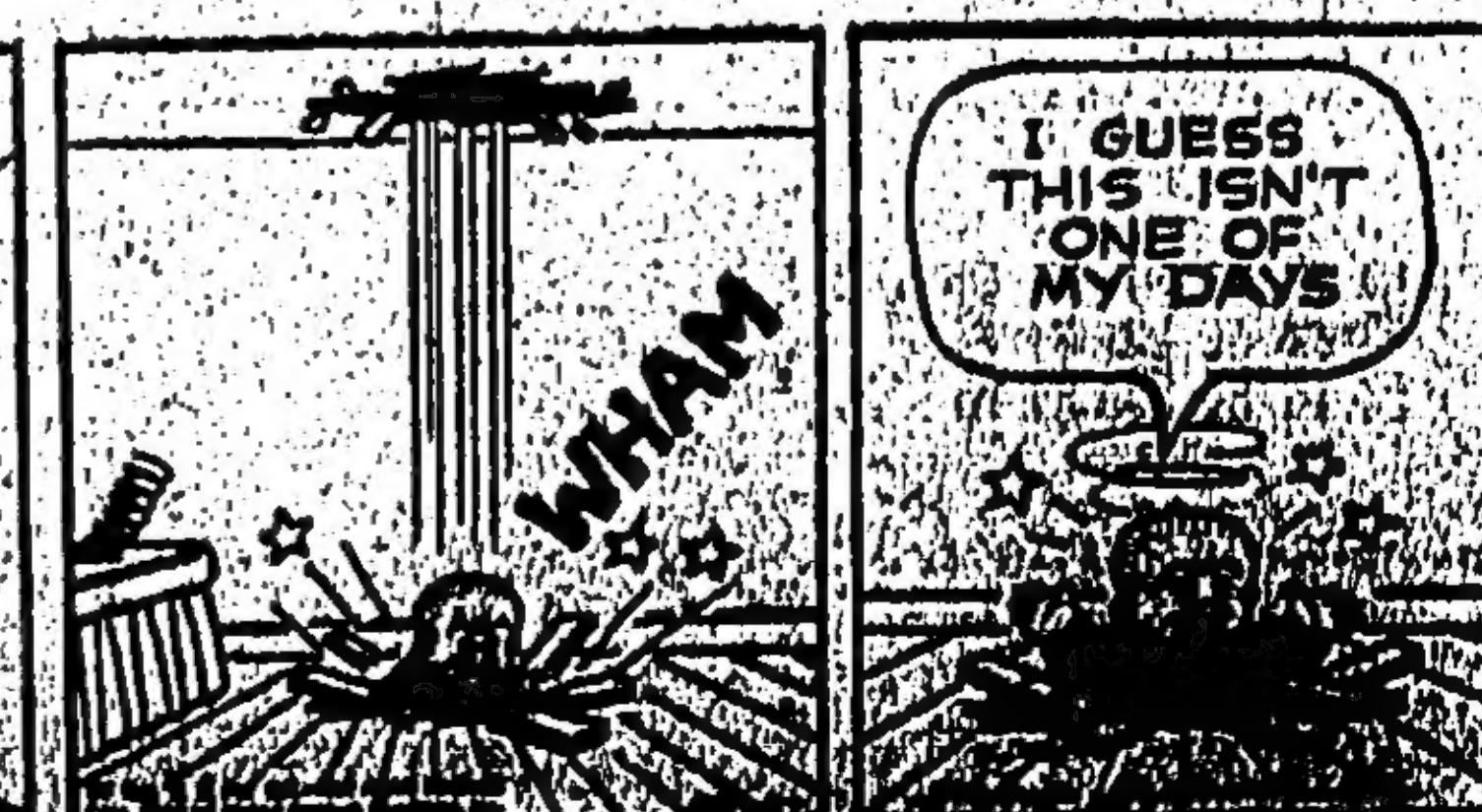
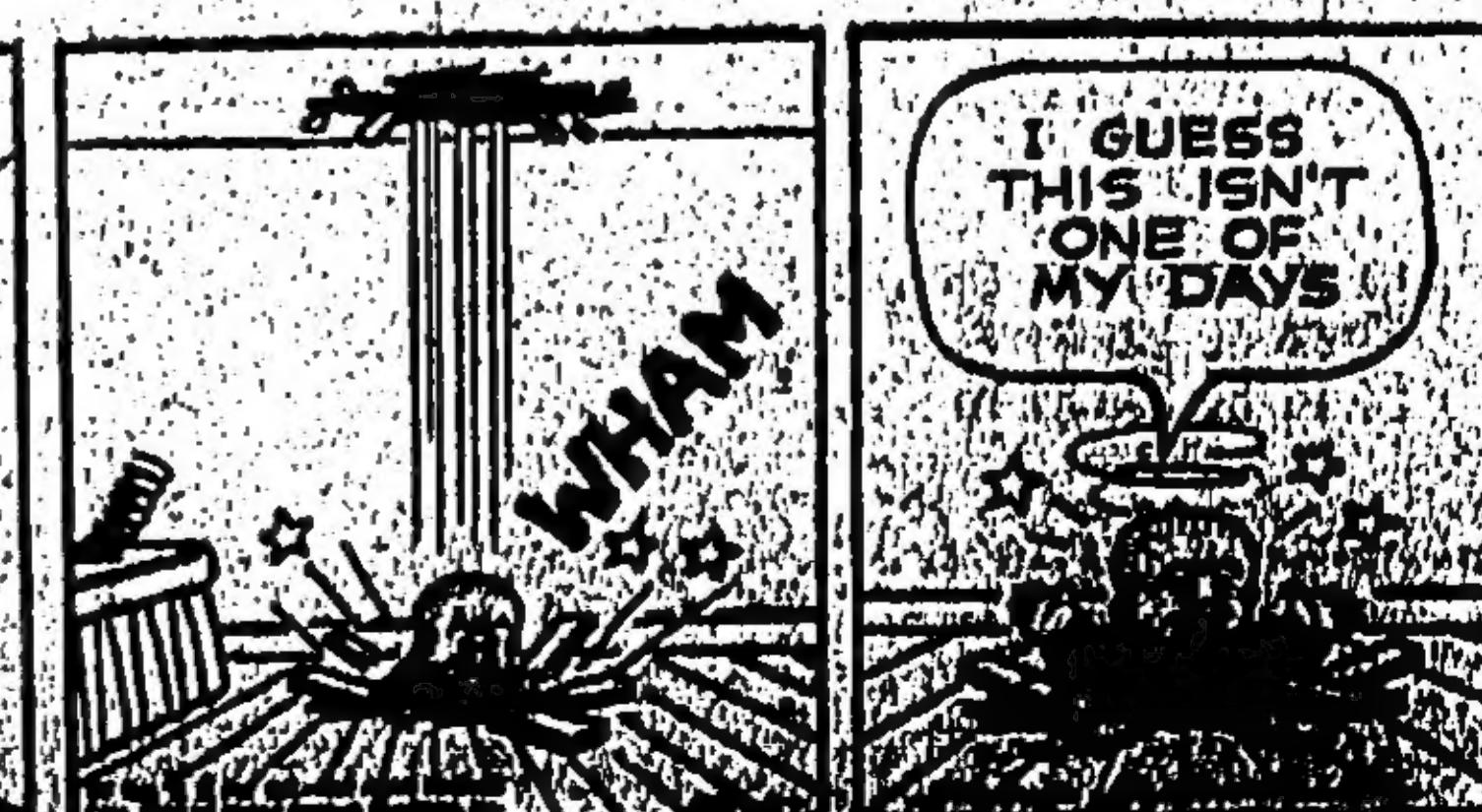
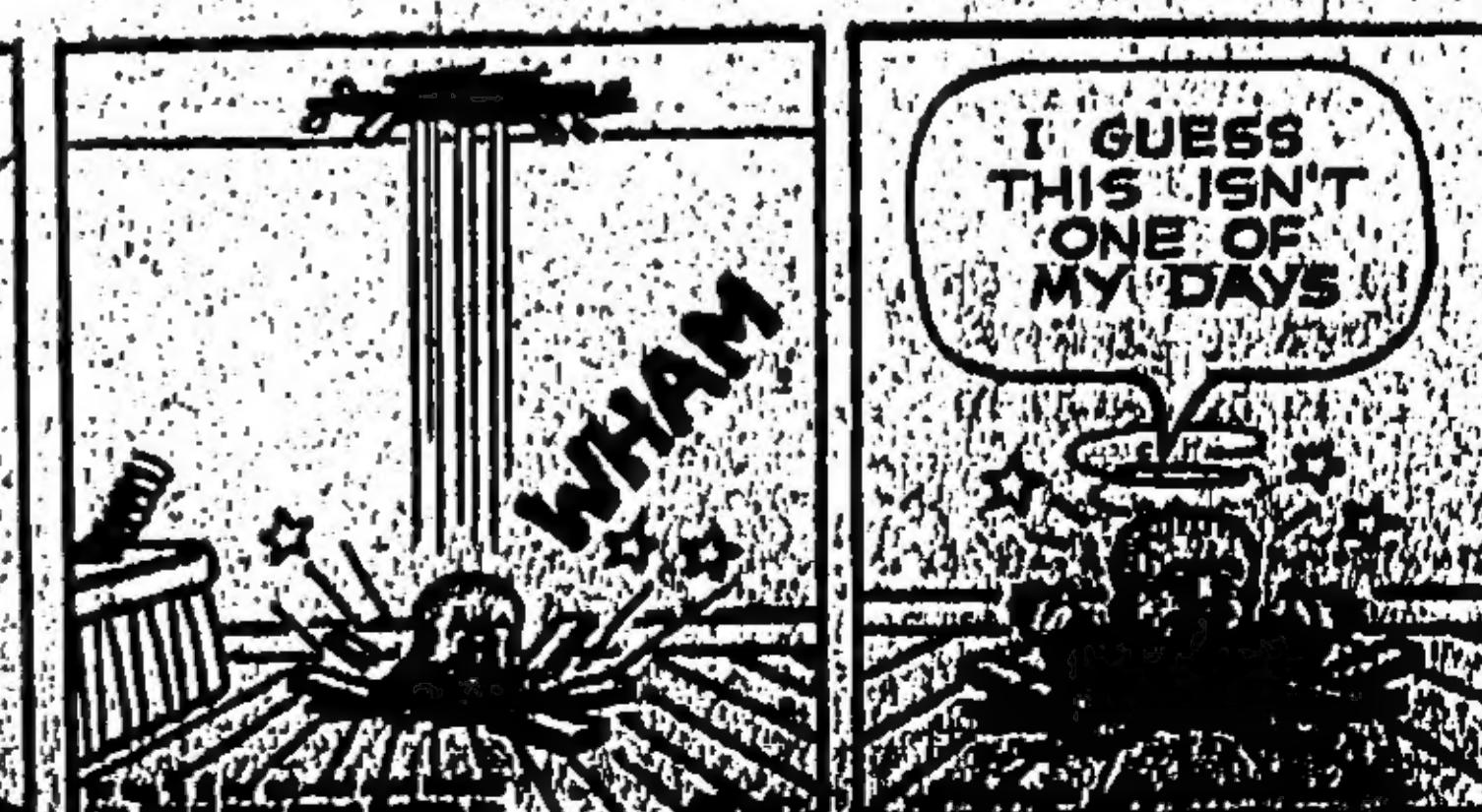
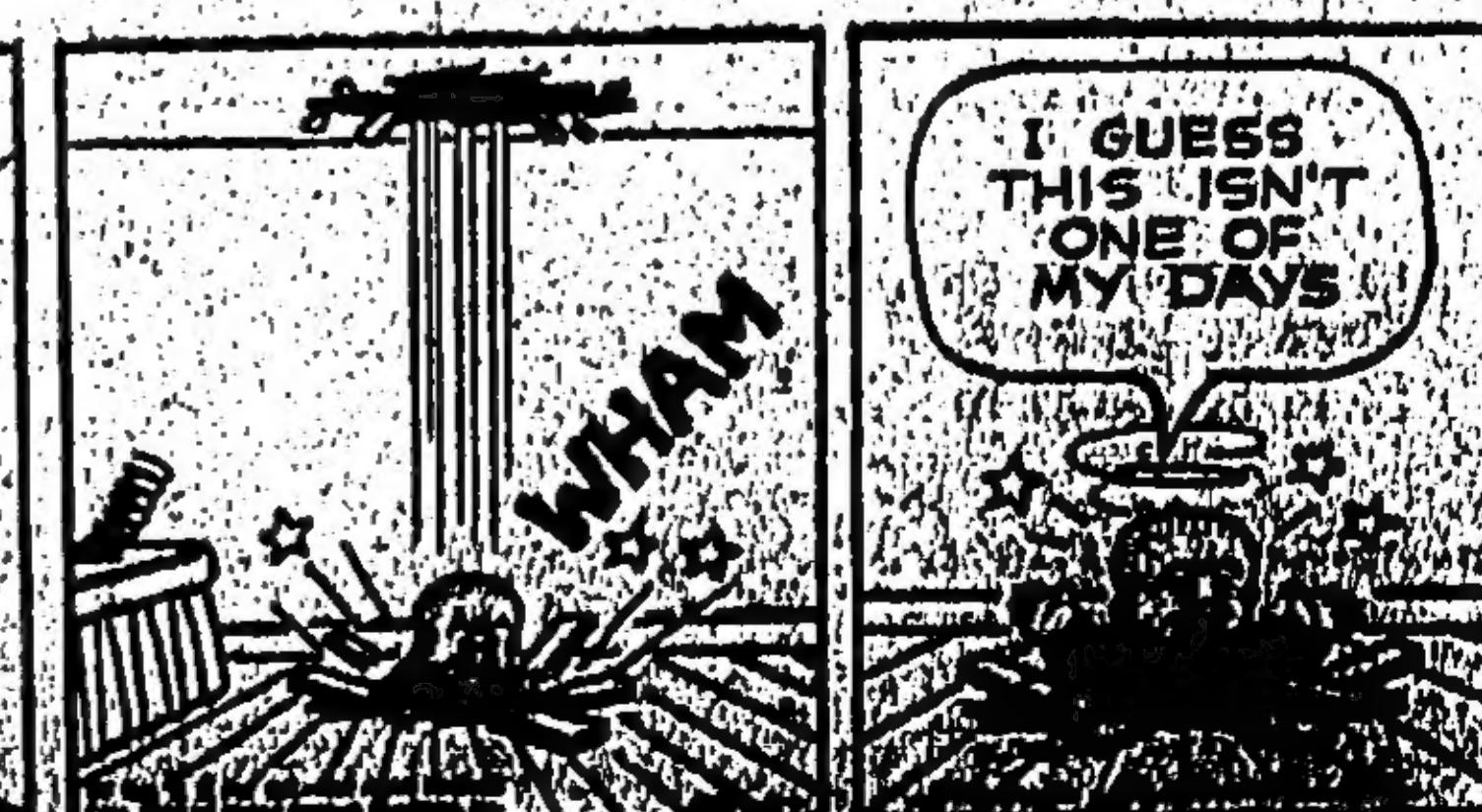
AT the annual conference of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at Camberley. Left to right: Gen. C. L. de W. Du Toit, Chief of the South African General Staff; Lt-Gen. Sir Sydney Howell, Chief of the Australian General Staff; Field Marshal Sir John Harding, CIGS; Lt-Gen. G. G. Simonds, Chief of the Canadian General Staff; Gen. Maharaja Shri Rajendra Singhji, C-in-C, India; Gen. Mohammad Ayub Khan, C-in-C, Pakistan; and Brig. L. W. Thornton, New Zealand Army Liaison Staff.



NANCY

I GUESS
THIS ISN'T
ONE OF
MY DAYS

EDWARD
MURRAY





"Marvellous thing, football. All the summer we've been getting 'Can't take you and the children out today—it's raining!'"

London Express Service

THE PROBLEMS FACING SEATO

ASIA'S POLITE PAPER FLAG WAR

By James Wickenden

AS Chou and his guests drink beside the pavilions where Yehonah, last and greatest Empress reigned from China's Dragon Throne, thousands of red paper flags bearing a yellow star flutter round Saigon.

So, while Peking goes gay with fried duck-skin and champagne, Southeast Asia's Communists surround another capital city, this time with banners instead of guns.

The polite propaganda war has begun.

The Communists are winning the first round on the eve of next month's Asian defence planning in Baguio — just as they won the battle of Dien Bien Phu in a thunder of gunfire before Geneva.

Their tactics are new. So are their aims.

They cannot plead any more that they fight colonial rule—because the French are going. But Vietnam, divided by Geneva's armistice line, wants unity.

The Communists say they can provide this quicker than anyone else.

Chief Rival

CHIEF Communist rival for the 1955 elections to unite Vietnam under one government is Emperor Bao Dai. All the hate the Communists once fired at the French they pour exclusively on Bao — an Asian and an emperor.

In Siam and Burma also the Communists will have to unseat not Western colonial rulers—but Asians in power. The Communists can no longer be champions of anti-colonialism.

They are becoming saboteurs of Asian governments.

While the Communists are busy with their new task, they want to keep the West as far away as possible. Geneva sent the French packing out of Indo-China, so now there are no Western armies to face. That is how the Communists want to keep it.

Another side to the new tactics is thus the "anti-Western base" war of words. It is the new form of "anti-colonialism". This began at Geneva when Chinese insisted that no Western bases were to be set up in Cambodia and Laos. It appears in an odd form in the present statement by the American-backed opposition.

The new cordiality between Peking and Britain is probably aimed partly to help the "anti-base" campaign. Peking, however, does not merely aim vaguely to divide Britain from the United States. Peking has definite reasons for dividing the great powers.

China appears to have a plan staggering in its vastness and detail.

Behind the fuss and furore of the Indo-China war, China has quietly begun building a great network of roads and railways to run in a 3,000-mile arc north of the Himalayas and the mountains round Burma from Tibet in the west to Hanoi and Haiphong in the south-east.

Life-lines

THESSE lines will be connected by other lines, some already existing, through Lanchow, Chumking, Kunming, and Nanning to central and north China. In west and south China — near the Indo-China border region — there will also be a large-scale industrial programme rivalling Manchuria's.

What this means in relation to Formosa and newly-won Vietnam is plain from a glance at the map.

First, China will no longer need to fear that American sea-power could

No Violence

BUT that is still too close, so Formosa too must be neutralised.

To succeed in both the "anti-base" policy and the paper flag war — now kingpins of Communism's long-term moves in Asia—the Communists know they must step softly. Violence is taboo, unless an attack on Formosa can be presented as a purely Chinese business with which the West has no concern.

And the smear campaign is the chosen weapon for the immediate task of securing Vietnam and undermining the governments of Siam and Burma.

It is strictly legal—quite democratic in its non-violence—and also effective.

Already the Vietminh are jubilant with their success at politics and persuasion.

With Vietnam falling easily into their hands, the Communists look over their new borders into four

states: Siam, Burma, Laos and Cambodia. They total four-and-a-half times the area of Vietnam with a combined population of over 40 million.

To stop them moving into these areas — via local unrest — is the first task of SEATO, which is to be set up next month in the Philippines. The SEATO powers, however, must shape their strategy to meet both the long-range "anti-base" talk from Peking as well as the paper flag war in South-east Asia.

Straight Fight

LIKE the Communists, SEATO too must avoid arousing Asian suspicion of interference. But SEATO has an additional handicap. Only one of the threatened countries, Siam, has, so far, agreed to come into SEATO.

But in SEATO's favour is the very fact that it is on the way at last. It will be the first combined Asian and Western effort to stem Communism. The chances of its success, therefore, cannot be gauged by the past. The French exodus from Indo-China may suit the Communists. But it also clears the way for SEATO.

Colonialism no longer confuses the issue. That issue now starkly appears as a straight fight between independent Asian governments and their local Communist-inspired opponents.

New Borders

JUST now the Vietminh are

so optimistic of gaining all Vietnam long before the elections that they have

formed an alternative ad-

ministration to take over

Saigon, capital of Viet-

nam. Its offices stand a

few miles outside the city

among the red paper ban-

nars.

With Vietnam falling

easily into their hands, the

Communists look over their

new borders into four

LAND OF THE "SMORREBROD"

By Joyce Barrington

BRITONS seeking holidays abroad are flocking in greater and greater numbers to Denmark. This may be some repayment for the interest the Danes took in Britain nearly a thousand years ago. Then they temporarily "annexed" Britain and added her to the 500 other islands which, with the mainland, comprise the Danish Kingdom.

Today, Denmark is one of the happiest little lands in the world.

Denmark is usually associated with three very different topics — fairy stories, Shakespeare and bacon.

The immortal Shakespeare was born in a thatched cottage in Stratford-upon-Avon, and the bacon

she uses oil power in nearly every phase of her national life, and her oil consumption was around 2,000,000 tons in 1953, more than twice the pre-war level.

As regards private life, the Danes are great letter writers — on average, each person writes 100 letters every year — and staunch teetotalers. Visitors are sometimes at first daunted by the formidable "Smorrebrod"—a thick slice of bread, larded with buttered, or which is piled whatever is forming the dish in question.

This is generally treated down by visitors of Denmark's specialities, such as cold smorrebrod, ham, cold meat, etc. Undoubtedly, however, the best introduction to the Danish food is to eat it. Incidentally, the Danes have no class system, and almost every week

MACKINTOSH'S SALE IS WORTH WAITING FOR.

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(prices ensure a clearance in 2 days)

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Aertex, others from	\$ 12.50

ANKLE SOCKS.

Jaeger fancy.	\$ 4.00
Jaeger Argyles.	\$ 7.00

DAY SHIRTS.	
Van Heusen and Summit; 3 collars.	\$ 20.00

UNDERWEAR.

Coopers Midways (shop-soiled).	\$ 5.00
usually \$9.50/10.50	

RAINFOATS.	
Aquascutum poplin, Usual price \$215. Now	\$115.50

LINEN COATS.

Navy or brown; only down to half price.	\$ 75.00
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LINEN COATS.	
Navy or brown; only down to half price.	\$ 75.00

CARDIGANS.

Munrospun, white	\$40.00
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K. SHOES.	
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HONOUR at STAKE

No. 1

by Edgar Lustgarten

ON April 9, 1950, the Chancellor of the Exchequer disclosed in secret to his Ministerial colleagues what proposals were contained in his forthcoming Budget, due for presentation within a fortnight's time. On April 10, 11, 12 and 13—being Easter week-end—the Colonial Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, spent a golfing and social holiday with a certain Mr. Bates, one of his closest friends. As soon as the City resumed business on April 14, Mr. Bates insured against a rise in income-tax.

On April 21—Budget Day itself—Mr. Thomas received a morning call in his private room from Sir Alfred Butt, MP, another intimate friend. As soon as Sir Alfred returned to his own office, he, too, insured against a rise in income-tax, and also against a rise in the duty upon tea.

Cossip grew

A FEW hours later the Budget became public property. Three-pence more on income-tax, 2d. more on tea. Now there is an extremely common form of faulty reasoning which professional logicians, in their slangy style, refer to as the fallacy of post hoc propter hoc.

It means, though, nothing more abstruse than this: the elementary error of assuming that, if one occurrence follows upon another, the earlier is cause and the latter is effect. I had strawberries for lunch, therefore it was the strawberries that gave me stomach-ache. The Conservative (or Socialist) rule, and unemployment rises; therefore Conservative (or Socialist) policy produces unemployment.

Mind, these inferences are far from being excluded. The strawberries may have given you stomach-ache. Conservative (or Socialist) policy may have produced unemployment. But evidence in support of these conclusions must be sought; to rely upon the mere sequence of events is to invite derisive scorn from the logicians by committing the fallacy of post hoc propter hoc.

DID JIMMY THOMAS BETRAY THE BUDGET SECRETS?

The post hoc propter hoc transactions never created trouble and never inflicted harm. But the practice threw him into the company of men more acquit than himself—and therein lay the seeds of his political undoing.

When Thomas learned of the rumours that were current, he was deeply shocked, and at once asked the Premier for an impartial inquiry. Simultaneously the Chairman of Lloyd's informed the Government that the amount of insurance taken out in the days before the Budget seemed dispropor-

tional to the imputations of a leakage hourly grew in volume, and ultimately reached the ears of the Minister himself.

Jimmy Thomas—known thus affectionately to millions—was an outstanding figure in British public life. Starting his career as an ordinary worker on the railways, he had come up to politics through a hard trade-union school and achieved for himself popularity and esteem that transcended party and sectional divisions.

He was shocked

YOU could disagree with Jimmy; you could fight his ideas root and nail; but you could hardly fail to like and admire the man himself. Not just because he was humorous. Not just because he was genial. Not just because of his shrewness and tact and common sense. But above all because beneath a slightly flippant surface, one could discern a deep integrity.

That is not to say that Jimmy Thomas had no weaknesses. Gambling was with him a dominant passion: whether it took the form of betting on a horse, or buying and selling shares upon the Stock Exchange. Gambling is no crime, and the English, gamblers born, are the last to reprobate it.

Had Jimmy Thomas been a private citizen, his proclivity would have been looked upon as amiable and endearing—and, indeed, his personal gambling

of the most acute and experienced and responsible legal minds in England. One must accept the disclosures as a fact. But in what circumstances exactly were they made?

• Ace criminologist Edgar Lustgarten begins a new series on some of the most astounding cases ever heard

luminously large compared with other years.

So three eminent lawyers—all of them still in active work today—Lord Porter, Lord Simonds, Mr. Justice Oliver—sat as a special tribunal to inquire whether there had been any disclosure of the Budget secrets, and if so, whether such disclosure had been used for private gain.

This inquiry lasted many days. The activities of Bates and Butt were closely scrutinised, and each in the witness-box explained what prompted him to anticipate the Budget as he did.

"I considered the general outlook serious," said Bates. "Hundreds of millions were required for rearmament; it was obvious to me that income-tax would rise."

"I thought a rise in income-tax was probable," said Butt. "As for tea, I felt convinced the Chancellor would also try to tax that part of the community that does not pay income-tax." They took their cue, they claimed, from personal judgment, not from private information.

Jimmy Thomas's own evidence of necessity was negative. Detaching himself for a few hours from the continuous hurry of Cabinet meetings, departmental decisions and major public speeches that are the

ordinary lot of a senior Minister, he appeared at the tribunal and asserted earnestly that he had spoken about the Budget to nobody at all. More than that he manifestly could not say. "I simply did not do it," he repeated. "No advance knowledge of the Budget came from me."

"You saw Bates, though, constantly during Easter," said the chairman.

"Certainly."

"Whatever the fact may be, you had ample opportunity to tell him about the Budget?"

There were factors of conduct, however, that weighed more heavily: not factors in Jimmy Thomas's conduct, but in that of Bates and Butt. They had taken unusual pains to mask their own identities in their several transactions. They had

followed immediately after that holiday at Easter."

Which was merely post hoc propter hoc translated into English. The juxtaposition of dates did not solve the basic problem: was it all, as Bates and Butt averred, sheer coincidence?

It would be foolish to challenge the unanimous conclusion formed after noting every witness's demeanour—reached by three

of the most acute and experienced and responsible legal minds in England. One must accept the disclosures as a fact. But in what circumstances exactly were they made?

That remains ever open to conjecture. Disclosures may be made deliberately—or by inadvertence. A bantering retort to a semi-bantering question, a statement intended to be wholly non-committal but which gives something away that the speaker does not realise, even a miscalculated gesture or grimace—any and all may serve as a clue for those on the look-out.

Whether the truth in this case may be found in these alternatives I would not presume even to suggest. But that Jimmy Thomas wilfully and wickedly betrayed the secrets of the Budget I do not believe.

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Next Saturday

The man who played cards with the Prince of Wales.

MAJORCA REVISITED

By IAN MERCER

BRITISH holidaymakers who have visited Majorca—and there must be many of them, for they are said to number more than 50,000 every year—will doubtless be sorry to hear that in the course of the past month or two several of the antiquities which made the place 'so different' have vanished forever.

The picturesque old bus from Palma to La Vileta, for instance, that was known far and wide as the 'death-watch beetle' (propelled by energy supplied from a wood-burning oven attached precariously to the rear) has been replaced by a newly-painted, petrol-driven job which has only been on and off the road since about 1929. For this part of the world, that's the derrnier cri in modern transport.

The tram, from the capital to the fashionable suburb of C's Catala, that served the best of the seaside hotels, has been taken off before it fell off, and in its stead a fine 'new' bus (1951 model) now accomplishes in twenty minutes' a journey which used to take fifty, when, as seldom happened, it kept to schedule. (On an average the current failed twice a day, and the vehicle never got through a morning without leaving the tracking at least once.)

The typical Mallorquin bars—so cosy, so dirty and so cheap—still exist, it's true, but in every part of the island there are springing up like mushrooms overnight those 'brassy joints'—as the Yanks call them—which, to the simple inhabitants, seem to stand for all that's meretricious in the hydrogen bomb era in which, they realise to their dismay, they too, are condemned to live out their lives.

The cinemas, where one used to see films that carried one right back to the green years of youth, now—believe it or not—are showing 3D pictures. One of them, 'La Tunica Sagrada (The Robe), has been playing to packed houses for two months. So, in one thing, anyway, the Mallorquins see eye to eye with their transatlantic allies.

• • •

Again thanks to the Americans, the ancient guns which until quite recently formed this strategically important island's chief means of defence against a possible aggressor, are at last

being carted away to the scrap heap, and the shattering roar of their successors is often to be heard as enthusiastic artillery exports try out the latest and best engines of destruction from the New World.

Frequently—alas—you see an islander shudder when they go off, a sign that anxiety, neurosis (one of the curses of our age) has finally come to plague Majorca.

This, no doubt, accounts for the arrival of two psychiatrists and the sudden popularity of such books as 'How To Live Without Being Afraid.' In the old days, the Mallorquins knew how to do that without having to read about it.

• • •

However, the march of time has not yet caught up all along the line. Genova, Palma's most delightful residential quarter, with its tiny but exquisite museum, can still only be reached by tram (forty minutes when it doesn't break down), or taxi (quarter of an hour in one of the modern jobs, twenty-five minutes if nothing but a pre-1914 chariot happens to be on the rank.)

The electric train still runs to Soller; the 'puffing Billie' that connects Palma with Manacor has not yet been relegated to a museum; covered wagons ply daily for hire along the waterfront; visitors may (and do) buy drinks from the horse-drawn cafe 'movealong,' the most photographed object of its kind in the erstwhile 'island of Calm'; and shorts and off-the-shoulder creations (in the capital, at least) are as unsanctioned as ever they were.

• • •

Last, but by no means least, prices, though a trifle higher than they were last year, are still substantially lower than anywhere else in the world. How long they'll remain so, of course, is anybody's guess.

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Concluding: Nature's Poison Punches

THE STINGERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

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Where are the Kings of the Ring today?

LEE SAVOLD, the soft-spoken Norwegian-American who sent Bruce Woodcock out of international boxing with a three-inch gash over his left eye four years ago, has been a stricken man these last few months.

The pleasant, homely, rubbery face that withstood a thousand punches and made a million friends in this country has the indelible mark of grief on its rugged contours.

Savold the one-time blustering saloon-bouncer who forced John Marleycorn to win self-respect and a modest fortune at the fight game, took the biggest thrashing of his life when his 14-year-old daughter, Sandra, died from infantile paralysis early this year.

Beauty spot

That kind of rap is not easy to beat. It is a quiet but not embittered—Savold who slowly recovers the routine of life out there in Wisconsin with his wife Eileen, his university undergraduate son Dick, and his nine-year-old daughter Shirley.

Business helps the slow tide of forgetfulness. With the money he earned from the two fights

Savold is hoping to be in England again in August. On holiday, of course, though Savold, with a momentary return of the old dry humour that endeared him to us four years ago has been telling me that he never yet ducked a fight, and that he is quite willing to break the nose of any British heavyweight to help pay expenses.

It was as a "beak buster" that Savold, Minnesota-born, first came to our ken when Jack Solomons brought him here to fight Woodcock in December, 1948.

Socially, the visit was a resounding success. Pugilistically,



IN THE PAST SHE HAS BEEN RIDER, CLOWN, CRICKETER—AND NOW . . .

BUT GEE, just look at those jeans!

AS THE MUSCLE-MAN SAID TO . . .
NANCY SPAIN

I DON'T believe in America. It is only a beautiful dream. Everything here is so much bigger than anywhere else.

The tomatoes are as big as cricket balls. At the shooting galleries you use a 100-shot repeating tommy-gun instead of an ordinary rifle.

If you want anything you send out for it and it arrives at all hours of the day or night—even if it is a lemon meringue pie as big as a wedding cake, done up in a hot box . . .

I know that American books are big. I bought "A Fabio" by William Faulkner, and it cost me £2 and weighs 7lb., and I cannot understand one word.

I wondered about American authors? Are they big too? I sent out for some.

Magic phrase

As a matter of fact Pulitzer Prize winner Marc Connelly, who wrote "Green Pastures," and Dorothy Parker, who wrote "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," are both quite small.

Mr Connelly stepped obediently round to Miss Hermione Gingold's apartment to meet me. Miss Gingold is now an author too. She has written a play and writes a column every week called "Miss Pop's Manhattan Diary," much punctuated with the magic phrase, "And so to bed." So it is natural for any literary gathering to meet at her place.

It overlooks the Queensboro' Bridge, a gigantic piece of brick-a-brac something like the Forth Bridge in collision with an aircraft carrier. Night and day she is disturbed here by the low howls of shipping on the East River and the low growls of admiring New Yorkers.

Her salon

MISS G. is as well known, is British to the backbone, which is to say that she may now be distinguished from Americans only by the fact that she serves afternoon tea.

Oh, yes. And by her British accent. When Miss G. sends out for a cork screw she usually gets a taxicab.

Miss G. runs a highly literary tea-time salon.

Marc Connelly is a neat, efficient眉-coloured author, in his 50s. He wears bright

Savold's grief is slow to heal

by George Whiting

Referee Sam Russell disqualified him for an alleged low punch in the fourth round at Harringay.

Each of us raised our own particular squawk about the rights and wrongs of that decision and Solomons, not entirely lost to the publicity value of noise, kept the pot a-boiling until he was ready for a return match nine months later at the White City.

Savold arrived to cutely accused trumpeting, managers uttered their parrot-ery threats,

so they postponed the "battle of the century," re-labelled it as for the heavyweight champion of the world, and set up shop again at the White City on June 6, 1950.

I went out to meet Savold in the Queen Elizabeth at Cheltenham, where they obliged with what we newspaper men like to offer up to our ego as a scoop. From under the bedclothes of State room 121, the buster of bunks declared that, so important did he rate the Woodcock fight, he had undergone a "secret" 10-round trial with an unnamed but noteworthy Negro in the dead of night.

It worked

Woodcock trained mid the fabricated battlements of Glywysin Castle, in Wales. Savold took himself off to a ballroom at Scarborough.

"I'll tear him apart," Savold told us.

"I'll knock him cold," declared Woodcock.

I have spoken many times with Woodcock about that fight. Recently, in a skyscraper hotel in the United States, I took the opportunity of doing the same with the Savold party.

"Lee had definite instructions on how to beat Woodcock, and he carried them out to the letter," said manager Daly. "We knew Woodcock was susceptible to cuts, so we aimed to cut him considerably. Jab, jab, jab with the left. Set him up. Then cut him down. That was the plan, and, boy, how it worked."

Yes, it worked. But how differently the four brief rounds of that bloodshot battle dwell in the memories of its principals—Savold in his Wisconsin motel, Woodcock in his Yorkshire pub.

Says Woodcock: "I was doing all right. My left opened things up, and I remember raising a bump just above Savold's right eye at the end of the first round.

"I played on that mark for all I was worth, and one right-hander on it. In the second round had Savold pulling away and covering up. Likely I should have stepped up the pressure a bit at that stage, but I was boxing to orders, and in no hurry. It's easy to be wise now."

"Savold took plenty from me in the third. One right-hander on his jaw would have put most blocks on the floor, but Lee just staggered a bit and then came back at me with those short-armed jabs he was so fond of. But none of them hurt, and I really began to feel I was getting somewhere near stopping him."

No option

"He was in trouble at the beginning of the fourth—but I was in even worse trouble soon after. He must have caught me as we broke from a clinch. First thing I knew I had blood pouring from my left eye and all over my face. The more I tried to brush it away the worse it got. Fighting blind, I suppose you'd call it."

"Anyway, Savold caught me again on the cut and split the flesh longer and wider. By the time the bell rang for the end of round I'd had it, and the referee, Andy Smythe, had no option but to give the fight to Savold.

"You never saw so much as came from that zig-zag cut. It was at least three inches long and more than a quarter of an inch wide. The doctor put eight clips and four stitches in it that night, and I had four more stitches put up in by my own doctor when I got home."

Different

And Savold? His story is different; so very, very different. "We figured to knock Woodcock out in six or seven rounds by means of counter-punching," he told me. "That old left jab—you can't beat it, especially when the other guy is throwing right hands at you like Woodcock did."

"Pretty near everything went the way we figured. I'd had Pat Comiskey, my sparring partner, tossing right-handers at Woodcock's chin every day up at Scarborough, and he threw harder ones than Woodcock. Bruce was a solid puncher, but how he 'telegraphed' that right hand!

"Most fights I'd make a play to soften a guy up with punches



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UP TO 15%!



The only oil which gives you the best features of three grades in one . . . compounded with new and improved additives to give better performance in all cars in all types of driving

IN Birmingham, Alabama, 23 policemen have been arrested—suspected of 150 burglaries and safe-crackings while on night beats. Total loot: \$50,000.

SALLY RAND, queen of the fan dancers, slipped out after her show at a Las Vegas night-club early one morning and popped into a wedding chancery to marry her third husband, 35-year-old contractor Fred Lewis. Then she skipped back into the club again for her next performance.

Miss Rand, who signed the register with her real name, Helen Gould Beck, gave her age as "somewhere over 21." Later she admitted she is 52.

TEN THOUSAND workers of the Studebaker Motor Corporation voted to take a cut in pay so that the 102-year-old firm can stay in business. It has lost \$2,000,000 in six months.

The 10,000 voted in a secret ballot. They will give up a seventh of their wages, which range from \$80 to \$150 a week.

THE ARMY has asked people to send in ideas for overcoming 200 pressing problems. The ideas wanted include—

Types that won't go flat.

A substitute for sandbags.

An inexpensive method of quickly converting snow and ice into drinking water in quantity.

KENNETH PORTER, a 38-year-old U.S. ex-soldier, Italian film singer, earning £2,000 a year in Hollywood, is now allowed to live permanently in America—because the Senate has passed a special bill for him. He also left his mother, father and brother in May. The bill was made necessary because his patients' demands for a "holiday" were causing him financial difficulties.

When Porter was wounded he was told that his body would be rigid from his neck to knee, and was given a choice of standing or sitting position.

Because he was unable to stand, he was given a chair to sit in, and he was given a wheelchair to use when he had to move around.

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MEMBERS of the Northumberland and Durham Association had a good time when they went to Aberdeen last week for a fish supper aboard one of the floating restaurants. Above: Some of the ladies being helped from the sampan ferry. Right: One of the parties. From left: Mr J. G. Oliver, Mr J. C. B. Slack, Mr T. A. Shurlock, Mr F. K. Pattinson, Mrs J. R. Carr, Mr J. R. Carr, Mrs F. K. Pattinson, Mr T. Mahon, Mrs K. Baker, Mr K. Baker and Mrs T. Mahon. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the dinner party given last week by Mrs Tan Siong Kee of Djakarta in honour of the Indonesian Consul-General in Hongkong and Mrs Taribdin Suriawinata.



HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. R. B. Black, arriving for the cocktail party given aboard the new Messageries Maritimes motor ship, Laos, on Monday. On the right is Captain Jean Barthélémy. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Kenneth, son of Mr and Mrs Hoo Tjo-yoong, and Angelina, daughter of Mr and Mrs David K. L. Yung, photographed at their engagement party.



LEFT: Officers of the Hongkong Football Club, elected at the annual meeting last week. Seated in centre is the Hon. M. W. Turner, President. On extreme right seated is Mr J. Henderson, Chairman. (Staff Photographer)

HAPPY group at the wedding of Mr John Harcourt Gould and Miss Patricia Margaret Booth, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Leonard-Henry Dismore, the new British Consul-in-Macao, with Mrs Dismore and their five children. Picture was taken during their short stay in Hongkong before leaving for Macao. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group-photo taken at the second reunion dinner of teachers taking part in the Biology Teachers' Training Course at the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT, above: Mr. Leung Min-to and his bride, Miss Lai Yin-yeo, drink with the guests at their wedding banquet, held in the Kwong Chow Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

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A broken size range

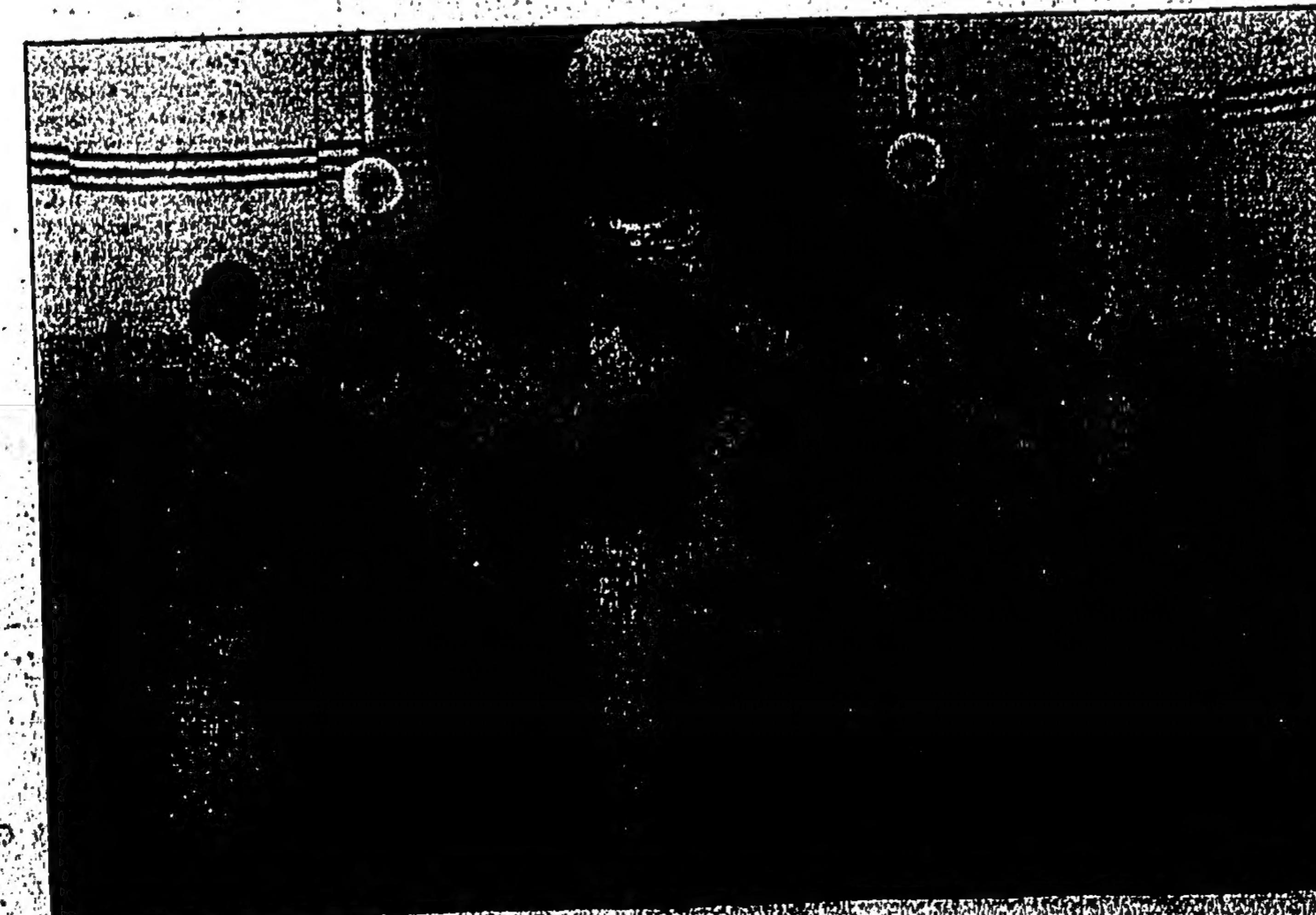
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MR and Mrs J. Cross with their baby, christened Marie Louise Jacqueline at St John's Cathedral last Sunday
(Staff Photographer)



THE Commander, British Forces, Lt.-Gen. C. S. Sugden, signs the visitors' book after opening the new Church of Scotland Canton at Sek Kong on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



SCENES at last Saturday's informal dance held by the Officers' Club of the United Services Recreation Club. Chinese dinner was served, and in lower picture may be seen (from left) Miss Merritt, Capt. D. Piper, Miss Piper, Miss Daphne Merritt, Mr Rufus Meard and Major Merritt. (Staff Photographer)



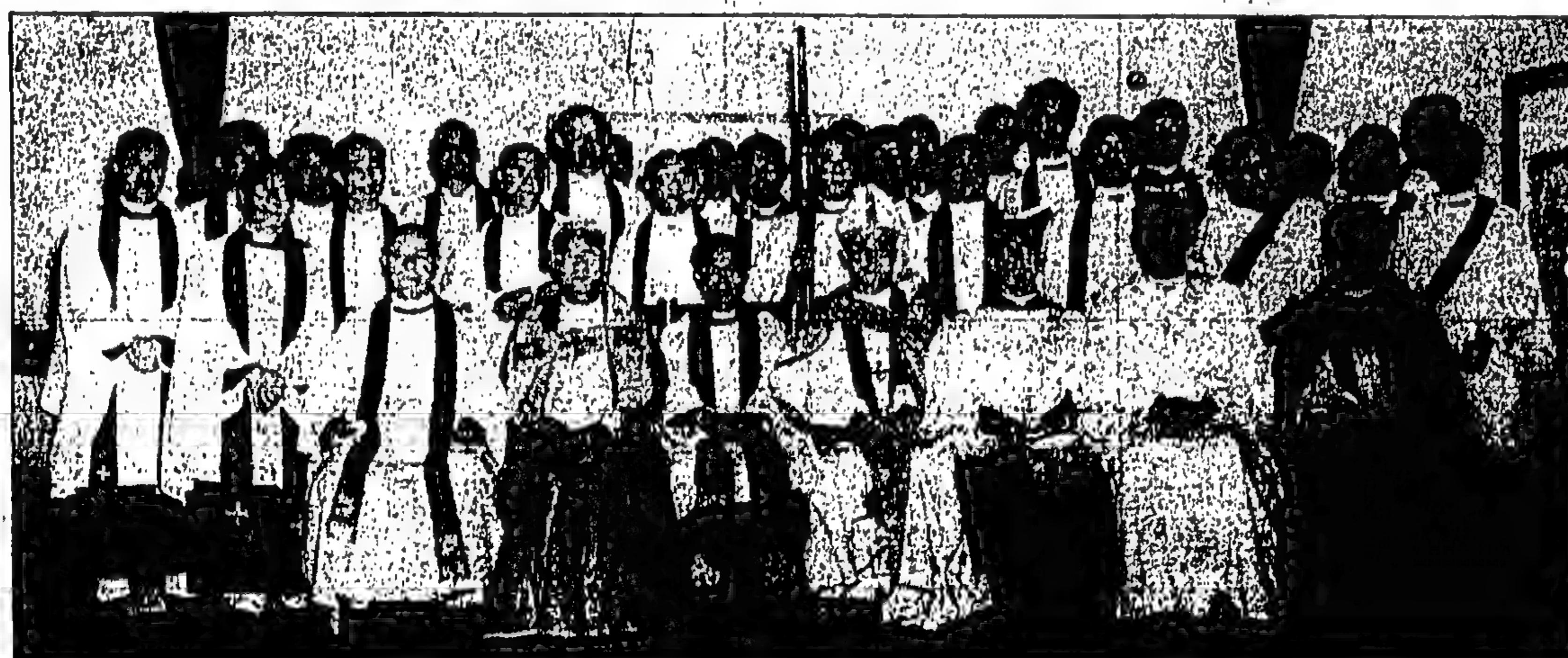
MISS Cynthia Ma, daughter of Mr and Mrs Ronald Ma, pictured with friends who attended her birthday party on Monday.



DR Theodore Hsi-en Chen, former President of the Fukien Christian University, addressing alumni of the University who entertained him to dinner at the Four Seas Hotel this week. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Fr C. Orlando officiates at the christening of Nicholas Peter, son of Lieutenant and Mrs W. N. Wishall, at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Hongkong clergymen who participated in the ordination on Tuesday of the Rev. Andrew Wing Cheung-ping, (seated third from left), the Rev. James George Froud and the Rev. Yu Mou-hsi (third and second from right). (Staff Photographer)

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MERCURY REACHES
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AUGUST 15, 1954

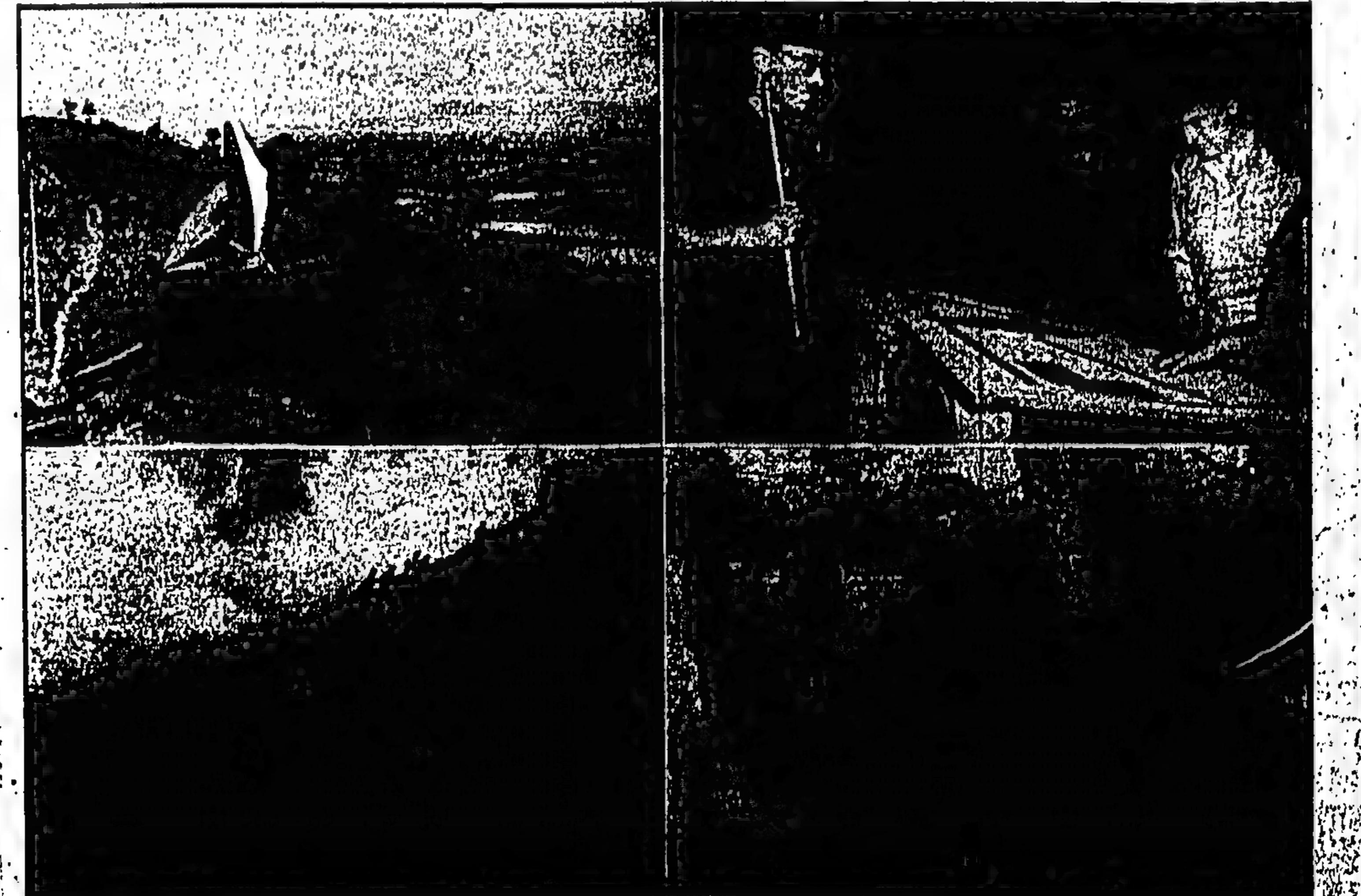
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Room Air Conditioner

- COOLS IN SUMMER
- WARM'S IN WINTER

You can be sure...
it's Westinghouse

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SOLE AGENTS, ALEXANDRA HOUSE TEL 31299



SCENES at last Sunday's attack exercise by the Hongkong Regiment in Kowloon. Above: The march past the OAG. Mr R. D. Black, who watched the exercise, is seen looking over a wall in front of his home in Kowloon. Lower right: Resting their tired bodies after a hard day's marching.

MACKINTOSH'S

SALE IS WORTH

WAITING FOR

TUESDAY

and

WEDNESDAY

THE PRICES ENSURE A
CLEARANCE IN 2 DAYS

Some particulars are on page 5 but
see the windows over the week-end.

ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VORUX ROAD

Here's something REALLY NEW!

PRECIOUS STONE INITIALS

IN 18 CARAT GOLD, PLATINUM TOP

SET WITH

RUBIES & SAPPHIRES.

Can be applied to enhance and personalize your valuable jewellery and trinkets, including brooches, rings, ear-rings, compacts, cigarette cases, cuff links, etc.

FRENCH CUT and POLISHED by
SPECIALY TRAINED CRAFTSMEN

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HK\$ 48⁰⁰
per initial
3 initials for \$130

(easy terms can be arranged).

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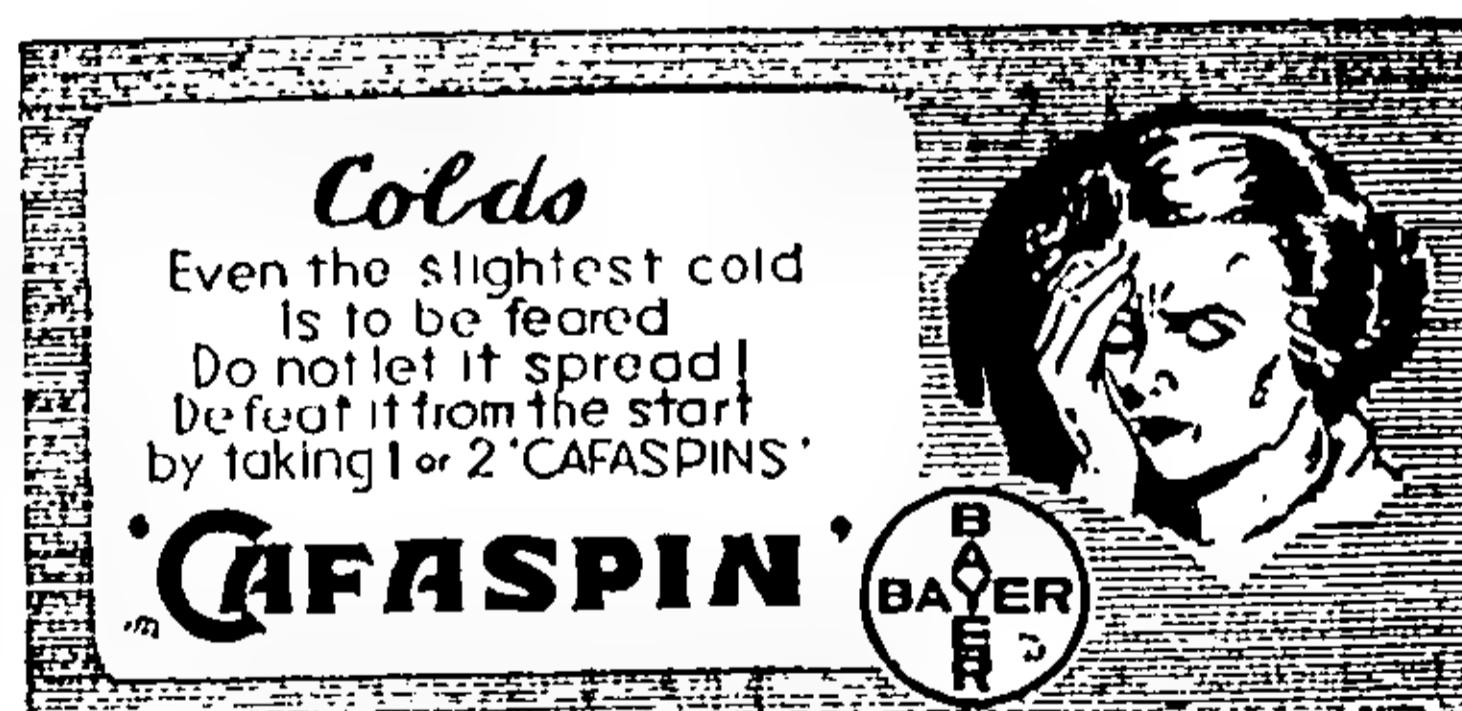
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SPECIAL PRIZE SCHEME

FROM AUG 15th to Sept. 14th,
1954, every purchaser of a
PHILIPS NEW COOL
DAYLIGHT TUBE will receive
a numbered coupon FREE.This coupon will entitle
the bearer to participate
in a SPECIAL
PRIZE SCHEME—date
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YOU MAY BE A LUCKY WINNER - SEE YOUR DEALER NOW!



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Even the slightest cold
is to be feared.
Do not let it spread!
Defeat it from the start
by taking 1/2 CAFAСПIN'S

CAFAСПIN' BAYER

PRETTY KITCHEN CABINETS

KITCHEN cabinets are more attractive than ever, improved with sliding doors, rounded corners, with see-through glass panels and adjustable shelves. They are done in new plastics as well as painted wood and natural wood. Such cabinets need more attention than simply going over them with a cleaning cloth, or just dabbing away at finger marks.

Painted wood cabinets need special care. Some women get out the scrubbing brush and give painted surfaces a going over. And after the job is done, the paint does look clean, but it also looks mighty dull. Scrubbing with harsh abrasives will dull the gloss and make proper cleaning progressively harder. A cloth wrung out of sudsy water may whisk off the marks, especially if you make it a practice to wipe all cabinet doors each day as you do the dishes.

Regular liquid polishing does a spiffy job, but if you like kitchen wax, use that instead. Water won't damage the wood or its lustre, so wipe off sticky smudges with a damp cloth or a sponge wrung out of warm sudsy water, then wipe dry thoroughly, giving the wood a buffing as you dry it to restore the gloss. Takes but a minute, but it will keep the cabinet's ornamental as well as useful.

—Eleanor Ross

TREATMENT FOR ACNE

By Herman N. Bundesen, MD

ADOLESCENCE without acne is a rare thing. There are few teen-agers without at least a few pimples.

Many adolescents, however, develop many pimples or acne of the face along with extensive involvement.

Also, this condition is by no means limited to adolescence. It may be seen in women going through the menopause, and in young children before they enter adolescence.

VARYING INTENSITY

The severity of the acne varies greatly from person to person. Some believe that this disease is outgrown. This is by no means certain. It is not uncommon to

see some persons in the late twenties or thirties with acne.

The ideal cure for acne is one that does not cause any physical scarring or emotional injury.

Adolescents with pimples are apt to become very self-conscious and distressed with their problem.

This infection usually begins with the development of what is known as the "oily nose of adolescence." Then, face pimples which may form pus appear, and eventually acne cysts may form either occur in the openings of the oil glands or the hair follicles.

A person with acne should watch his diet. Carbonated drinks and chocolate in all forms may be harmful. Milk and nuts should be limited. Restriction of sodium intake is also important because sodium, if

taken in excess, stimulates acne.

Limiting fat and sweets also helps.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

SUMMER BUFFET SPECIALS

By ALICE DENHOFF

IT wouldn't be summertime without a little buffet entertaining—a meal that is easy on both hostess and guests.

A modified smorgasbord is one idea that many hostess find most successful.

For this Swedish specialty serve a typical meat dish, jellied meat loaf, if second meat dish is desirable, serve Swedish meat balls. Arrange these on the festive board with a pot of baked beans for the non-dieting males, plates of assorted relishes, as well as celery stuffed with a cheese mixture and Swedish rye bread.

DESSERT PANCAKES

For dessert, serve paper thin Swedish pancakes spread with fruit preserves and rolled in powdered sugar, and perhaps something more hearty, such as cheesecake. For the waistline watchers, serve wafer cookies and fresh fruit or fruited gelatin desserts.

To prepare the jellied meat loaf for 6 to 8 servings, use 3 lbs. veal, chuck, breast or neck.

Wipe meat with damp cloth and place in kettle. Cover with boiling water and boil 5 min. Skim. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, for about 2 hrs. or until meat is very tender, adding salt and pepper when done.

Remove meat from bones and put through food chopper with 1 slice onion and 1 stalk celery. Return to stock and cook until thick but moist, stirring constantly. Add 2 tbsp. finely chopped parsley. Pack in loaf pan and chill thoroughly. Unmold and cut in slices for serving.

By the way, this jellied veal makes marvellous sandwich meat.

COLOURFUL SEASONING

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A Girl With Vision

The place scarcely looked or smelled livable, but Lilli Ann's a girl with vision. Furthermore, the apartment happens to be right around the corner from the famed Henry Street Settlement, where Lilli Ann teaches ceramics to some 175 children, teen-agers and adults.

Lilli Ann, as she puts it casually, knocked down one wall to make a huge living-bedroom area. She knocked down another wall to give her access to the bathroom, previously reached from the outside hall. This outside entrance she sealed off.

Then, she had the bathtub removed (to the Settlement, where it's used for mixing clay) and installed a shower, laying the tile floor herself and lining the walls with plastic to make them showerproof. Nothing to it—or so she says.

As for decorating, Lilli Ann believes in do-it-yourself—and on a shoestring.

Behind The Draperies

Her entrance hall is more than that—it serves as a dressing room and storage area. One wall is draped with gay yellow fabric. Behind the drapes you'll find three storage units. One holds a dresser, hooks for her belts, shelves for cosmetics and her handbags. A second serves as a clothes closet; a third has shelves for linens and a big clothes hamper. The window here, like the others in the apartment, is covered with translucent plastic. "It lets the light come in," Lilli Ann explained, "but it doesn't permit people to see in."

The huge living-bedroom shows her talent, too. Walls are covered with burlap, for texture as well as camouflage. Hung like wallpaper, it still another advantage: it doesn't show nail marks, making it possible to change picture hangings and wall ornaments around at will.

Huge Room Divider

The prize furnishing is a huge room divider designed and made by Lilli Ann.

One side of the divider has a low bench which serves as a coffee table or a cutting board for serving. A sofa stands on the other side of the divider. "It's not really a sofa," Lilli Ann confided. "It's my bed—a big one. That's why I built a shelf on the other side of the divider. Half of the bed is rolled under it. That's so it will look like a sofa during the day."

It's a practical piece, room divider, and a pretty one, too, since the shelves are used to display ceramics made by her students.

The fireplace is another Lilli Ann production.

"There used to be a pot bellied stove there," she said. "When I took it out, there was

Home Is What She Made It

Lilli Ann Killen is the girl for the job. She looks like a slim, freckle-faced, typical teen. Don't be deceived! The feminine Miss Killen, actually and unbelievably in her twenties, is (from a work point of view) handler to have around the house than any man we ever heard of.

Take Miss Killen's apartment—and no one but Lilli Ann would have taken it in its original state. On the second floor of an ancient synagogue on New York's lower east side, the rooms were used for the making of sacramental wines. Walls, encrusted with mashed grapes and badly stained, had a fermented fragrance.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

SELLING ROMANCE TO PARIS

By James Mayo

IT'S happened! London is exporting romance to Paris! Heather Jenner, Britain's No. 1 marriage-bureau expert, has started a branch on the boulevards—and business is booming.

Frenchmen, it seems, are no longer quite so keen on marrying French girls. French girls, in their turn, have a hankering for Englishmen...while English girls are crazy over French husbands.

Why this matrimonial tangle? There was a gleam in Heather's green eyes when I put the problem to her.

BUTTERFLY TYPE

"French girls say their own men are too much the butterfly type. They believe Englishmen are more solid and dependable—but I won't say what I think about that one!"

"Our English men clients seem to think French girls can run the house better than the girls they meet at home," she said. "They feel they will only make good hostesses, but will help them in their careers."

"Lots of French girls tell me they are attracted by the English countryside. Others say English husbands are the kindest in the world, and don't expect their wives to be slaves to Frenchmen do."

"One Englishman said he wanted a French wife 'because after a long walk in the rain she would come back looking just as lovely.' But there—it's always the men, whatever their nationality, who worry about good looks."

"During the war 'Utility' girls were all the rage; husband-hunters had to be practical. But nowadays looks are what count. You can't get away with a shiny nose just by being good at scrunching eggs."

"With girls it is just the reverse. They never seem to bother whether a man is handsome or otherwise; it's companionship and affection they are looking for."

FAMILY AFFAIR

How do husband or bride-hunters in Paris compare with Heather's Mayfair clients?

"They couldn't be more different," she said.

"Hero in France it's a regular family affair. They sit down and talk it over together—then the client's mother or sister comes along to see us."

"In Britain it's just the other way about. Customers whisper 'Be sure to mark the envelope "Personal," with my full initials, or somebody at home will get hold of it!'

"I think the French attitude is so much more sensible and concise in every way."

"A Frenchwoman will say, 'I have a daughter to marry. Her trouousse will be such and such; she will have this much money, this much furniture. She likes Italian opera and historical novels.'

AVERAGE AGE

"Whereas so many English clients just talk vaguely about their prospects and waffle about culture!"

What is the average age for French girl clients? Twenty-eight. "If she has not found a husband by then she starts to get into a panic—and so do her family," said Heather.

With her partner at the Paris Bureau, a wavy chestnut-haired Juliette Marchal, Heather has already launched two dozen romances.

Forty, and the mother of a girl and boy, Heather didn't meet her own husband through a bureau—but claims she'd be glad to take her own daughter as a client.

"Whether it's London or Paris, people go to a marriage bureau knowing they want to get married, and what sort of partner they want," she said. "Taking it that way is far better than just trusting to instinct."

IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE OUT OF DATE?

By William Barkley

I CALL attention to a novel research which is going to be made into the written form of the English language. It is too early to go into details. Plans are still in process of formulation and I warn that they will take years to show results. But if things go as I think they will I predict results of very great importance.

For the first time in the history of the most widespread language on earth, a major educational authority in England is beginning to make a scientific study of the use of the language in schools.

This is the Institute of Education, a branch of London University. Its director is Dr Bruce Patterson, who is London University's Professor of English as a Foreign Language, a striking title. At this time of year, in the off-season, he controls a vocational course for foreigners which is attended by 220 students. They come from 35 different countries—Iceland to Sudan, Germany to Nigeria and Indonesia—and nearly all of them themselves teachers of the English language in their own countries.

Obstinate

It is quite extraordinary how obstinately the English people have rejected the idea of any authoritarian or centralised supervision over the form of their language. No royal commission has ever "sat" on the English language. No learned academy or society has ever made pronouncements upon it. No study group from Oxford or Cambridge has ever pontificated on its good usage.

The language has just grown as it still grows. Those who dictate its written form are the printers—the book publishers, the university presses, the Macmillans, and also the newspaper proprietors and their editors. These are the people who decide that we shall write in the main as Dr Johnson two centuries ago decreed that we should.

And the printers and newspaper proprietors of England have one simple rule in this matter: "Make no change in what we inherited. Streamline and modernise production in every other department of the

business, but as for the language, stereotype it! Never allow a new thought to enter this sphere!"

A lone outsider is the Chicago Tribune, which has decided that the letter "f" is a better form than the conglomeration "ph" and now prints such forms as gramophone and autobiography.

because it has hardly any grammar, and that the English people distrust the grammarians. For of all the languages on the lips of man, English is incomparably a People's Tongue.

It has had an unparalleled experience. For two and a half centuries no grammarian ever laid hands on it. For all that time, after the Norman Conquest in 1066, the English language was exiled from the royal court of Westminster and banned from every court of law. Nothing but French or Latin was heard or written in these circles.

The written form of the English language is thus left entirely to the private enterprisers, whose motto in this department is "No Enterprise." Notable among them was the mild Dr Johnson, who boasted that in his dictionary he had done the work of forty Frenchmen who constituted them as now, the French Academy. Webster in the USA and Murray in England were other individuals who maintained the traditional usage of necessity, much against their will.

Every nation except the United States has at various times enlisted its best linguistic scholars to clarify and improve its written language. The French Academy founded French in a medieval mess two centuries ago. Frenchmen were still writing the letter "s" in thousands of words in which it had not been pronounced for five hundred years. The Academy modelled and imposed the present style of writing French. The Milan Academy did the same service for Italian in Dante's day. The Madrid Academy laid down the rules for Spanish.

Sometimes governments have intervened directly. It was a committee of the Prussian Government which decided and decreed the present form of the German language as recently as 1903. The Bolsheviks were quick to see that language is the chief conveyor of ideas and that its written form is of supreme importance. One of Lenin's first acts was to collect a band of scholars and remodel the written language with such effect that the rest of the world has gaped ever since at the spread of literacy in the Soviet Union.

The scholarly contempt for this simple tongue lasted so long that the birth of Shakespeare in 1564 is recorded in Stratford in Latin. His death there in 1616 is recorded in English.

Next question—why worry? Is not the English language doing well as it is? Certainly it is spreading like wildfire. Many Asiatics today prefer it to their own languages. English language newspapers, to be read by them, are springing up in the present time.

China, Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Indonesia. In Africa, in the West alone, half a million people a year are learning some English, and English newspaper circulations are bounding. Is it not a cheerful picture, with growing opportunities for Britain to spread what she thinks is good in her way of life? Shall we not be content?

No. We cannot rest. For at home in England a shock has been administered to the educational system under which it is rocking. An official report by the Ministry of Education demonstrates that one-third of the children leaving its highly expensive schools at the age of 11, after ten years' compulsory education, either cannot read their own language at all or read it very badly, very slowly or without comprehension of any but the shortest and simplest meanings. This in reading the simplest speech in the world!

To take gender alone, Old English was as bad as German. The sun was a woman, the moon a man. When King Alfred's men went into what was the New Forest to cut ribs for the first English fleet, they spoke of the mighty oak as a female. The graceful birch was masculine. The word "ho" itself was, as, sea or shoot according to the gender of the noun.

A Shock

Once his rulers disdained to write his language, the English working man took a look at all this grammar and said to his pals, "Let's forget it." That is the most logical decision known to the Indo-European language group. There may be other explanations but that will do for the time being.

The scholarly contempt for this simple tongue lasted so long that the birth of Shakespeare in 1564 is recorded in Stratford in Latin. His death there in 1616 is recorded in English.

For the first time scientific data will be available to probe the cause of the trouble. An answer should be given to carry weight with the highest authorities to the question of what it is which obstructs reading ability of one third of the Ministry's millions of pupils at read before it can teach them to fight.

What is an English language newspaper? Is it the newsprint it is printed on? Is it the ink or the string that ties the papers in bundles to distribute to wholesalers and retailers and readers? Is it the battery of gleaming presses tended with loving care and bought by boards of directors only after long study to ensure that the printing-house is equipped with nothing but the best and most up-to-date machinery?

Is that what makes an English language newspaper? Or rather is not its essential quality that it employs this incredible English, this incomparable instrument of education, this unparalleled vehicle of ideas?

Does not the English language deserve a little attention? Why is it, alone of all human instruments, incapable of improvement by modernisation? Let us test what a little spit and polish can do to it.

And here let us remember that American is quite a different language to English, both equally important and valuable, but both needing different rules and standards. Anyone who has to correct essays of American and English children will know how totally different the languages are.

The strength and beauty of the English language lies in just such variety. As Mr Barkley says in his article, the ordinary man—the carpenter, the artisan, the peasant, the ploughman—made the language; but he did this by using the table and deciding what should be altered, and what should be changed; let other languages continue to reflect them.

Let other languages become precise and logical, let the English remain practical, full of shades of meaning, able to adapt itself to the different needs of the times. It is these qualities of illogical practical compromise which are the greatest of the English character.

THE VERY REV. F. S. TEMPLE, M.A.,
Dean of St. John's Cathedral

"The question is," said Humpy Dumpty, "which is to be Master—that's all."

Control of language might be attempted by a crank or doctrinaire party. George Orwell well in his novel "1984" describes such a situation where "Newspeak" is the official language of Oceania:—"The purpose of Newspeak was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of Ingsoc, but to make all other modes of thought impossible"—To give a single example. "The word free still existed in Newspeak, but it could only be used in such statements as 'This dog is free from lice' or 'This field is free from weeds.' It could not be used in its old sense of 'politically free' or 'intellectually free,' since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts, and were therefore of necessity nameless.... Newspeak designed not to extend but to diminish the range of thought."

In the story of the Tower of Babel the whole earth was of one speech and language until men took it upon themselves to build a tower which would reach to heaven. It is easy to draw the moral that the attempt to control and reshape language, the gift of the gods, brings the penalty of the confusion of tongues. Perhaps a wider application is that our difficulties in communication spring rather from our cultural differences than from our language differences. The English-speaking world is not homogeneous. There are many different accents and dialects, and many different ways of speaking English. There are also many different ways of writing English. There are also many different ways of reading English. There are also many different ways of thinking English. There are also many different ways of feeling English. There are also many different ways of believing English. There are also many different ways of understanding English. There are also many different ways of appreciating English. 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POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"How do I say in Portuguese? 'True freedom lies in the renunciation of self'?"

Miss Barrett's secret PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford. Edited and introduced by Betty Miller. Murray. 25s. 284 pages.

MISS BARRETT kept her secret well. For ten years she maintained a fervent, affectionate, intimate correspondence with her friend Miss Mitford, opening her heart to the older woman, and not once did she hint at the most important thing in her life.

Those two Victorian ladies had much in common. Both were literary; each was single.

Miss Mitford was an old maid of 50 when the letters began, the devoted slave of a selfish, tyrannical father whom she supported by industrious writing. She was poor, good-natured and famous.

Miss Barrett lived, pampered and pathetic, an invalid of 30, wilting in a room in Wimpole Street, with the windows firmly shut and the fire brightly burning. Sweet, gentle, fated it seemed for a life of literature and celibacy, jealously guarded by her loving and prayerful father, Mr Moulton Barrett.

Miss Mitford took to the young woman at once. Never before had she met a "literary lady" who might not have served as a scarecrow to keep the birds from the cherries. And here was Miss Barrett, positively pretty, and never likely to fall into the arch-mistake of marriage, "the most foolish thing under the sun," as Miss Mitford believed.

No suitor was likely to penetrate to the stuffy room where Miss Barrett lived on a sofa with her books and her dog Flush. No interloper of that sort was likely to mar the friendship on which the two ladies embarked.

Once, Miss Mitford's instinct gave a warning which her mind failed to heed. When she met poet, her dislike was acute. A girl dressed in boy's clothes, long ringlets and no necklace; as to his poetry, one heap of obscurity, confusion and weakness."

Once or twice the two friends argued about this young man's work. "The genius, the genius! It is undeniably—Isn't it?" thrashed Miss Barrett. Miss Mitford did not agree.

Only Miss Barrett's letters are printed in this collection. But if only one literary voice is heard; two literary hearts are beating, vivaciously, wittily, sometimes in malice, more often with a hint of feminine gush.

Why do women write the best letters, as men keep the best dirits? The duty suits the more egotistical and secretive sex; men would rather confess than confide. Women either seek a confidant, or supply one. Miss Barrett and

she kept it well. For ten years she confided everything to Miss Mitford—except that Mr. Robert Browning had proposed marriage . . .

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON reviews the NEW BOOKS

her friend, Miss Mitford, are village women gossiping at the well.

Impetuous

The letters are never less than amusing; can rise to splendour. Here—in impetuous female punctuation and hasty Wimpole Street grammar—is ten years of London as seen by a pair of brown eyes belonging to a lady who, apparently, had nothing in the world to do but think sympathetically of the poor young queen (at whom somebody had fired a pistol); note that Mr Tennyson has married—will his wife have to endure the wretch's smoking? kiss impulsively a letter from Mr Wordsworth graciously suggesting a change in taste of Miss Barrett's poems (advise she rejects); and describe how people flock out of London because of a prophecy that it is about to be swallowed up by the earth.

Not a word

And, all the time, while she writes so freely, Miss Barrett is keeping her secret from her dear friend. Not a word about Mr Browning's visits; silence about the "Interimperial" letter in which the poet so far forgets himself as to propose marriage! Not a word until Miss Barrett dashes off the last letter; the letter—finest of them all perhaps—which pierces Miss Mitford's heart:

"When you read this letter I shall have given to one of the most gifted and admirable of my wife unworthy of him. I shall be the wife of Robert Browning. Against you—in allowing you no confidence—I am not certainly signed, I think."

It is the outcry of an overwrought woman, irremediable with joy and protesting against her own remorse. Mr Moulton Barrett's caged dove had taken wing.

Miss Mitford said acidly:

"Women of genius make great mistakes in choosing husbands."

THESE UPROARIOUS YEARS. Cartoons by Michael Cummings; text by Hugh Massingham, MacGibbon and Kee. 10s. 89 pages.

PREDISPOSED by nature to kindness, Cummings sheds this weakness when he takes up his brush. Starting from a reasoned suspicion of all politicians, he outlines Britain's post-war history in terms of acute, unfriendly force. In a highly selective work, note his success with Attlee (who is difficult); his failure with Churchill (who is easy); his obsession with Bevan; his esteem for Morrison; his genial patronage of Eden; above all, his wonderful composite of Left-wing MP, archetype of all slippery and fraudulent demagogues. At least six members of the Socialist party are said to recognise themselves in this imaginary monster. Moving on a sprightly, independent course, Massingham annotates the age that Cummings draws.

THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER. By J. MacLaren-Ross. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d. 229 pages.

"IN life," says MacLaren-Ross, "there is always worse to come, so that one's past never seems so black as it did at the time." To him, a boy in the nursery during the 1914-18 war, there were moments that seemed black indeed.

Father said one day: "Now, my boy, you are seven. If you commit any offence that deserves it, you can be sent to prison."

Unable to restrain himself, MacLaren-Ross instantly went out and threw a stone through Mrs Bradshaw's window.

"Father," he said, "I shall have to go to prison now."

Worse was to come. Two days later Mrs Bradshaw died.

Guilt darkened MacLaren-Ross's

face for some time.

It was not his only crime. Scouting the whole race of girls, he invaded a girls' school masked, pistolotted and aged eight. It got him into a great deal of trouble, especially with Father, that figure of eccentric awe who was the centre of the MacLaren-Ross world, with some competition from formidable Aunt End, gay Uncle Bertie, and Carel, the grown-up sister who caught a German spy.

Here is a convincing diverting account of childhood when there were Zeppelins overhead, stories in the nursery, and the Exploits of Elaine at the local cinema.

The snakes eat about 14 mice a week. For exercise they "walk" around Mr Blomfield's arm. "Just to get them used to me" he explains. "After all they will be getting bigger!"

The State Rivers and Water Board Commission, which built the town for £2,500,000 maintains that it would be an ideal "buy" for light industry and could also be developed as a tourist resort. For anyone who has two and a half million to spare, that is . . .

BURGLAR Mr Peter Blomfield has no watchdog as his SNAKES home in Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, but he has no fear of burglars. In his lounge he keeps two pythons and a boa constrictor. "I think they are as good as any guard dog," he says.

The snakes are not yet fully grown. The two black and yellow West African pythons are three feet long and the boa constrictor is their superior in length by six inches. Its owner expects it to grow to 12ft.

While 38-year-old Mr Blomfield and his wife watch television the snakes lie coiled up in glass-fronted tanks a few feet away. An occasional yawn and writhing is all that indicates they are alive.

"There is nothing really unusual in keeping snakes," says Mr Blomfield. "They are much cleaner than the average house pet. There is no smell and no mess!"

The snakes eat about 14 mice a week. For exercise they "walk" around Mr Blomfield's arm. "Just to get them used to me" he explains. "After all they will be getting bigger!"

PRAYERS FOR FRANCO In future — and By Order — official prayers for Franco will be said at every Mass celebrated in

NOW BLIND Weird patterns on his faulty TV set gave

And Mrs Blomfield! "I am getting used to them now," she says.

27-year-old Italian electronics engineer Antonio Rubbiani an idea which promises new happiness for the world's blind.

Engineer Rubbiani has invented a small, portable "road-mapping machine" from TV tube.

With it the blind can read—

easily, too—any printed publication from the morning newspaper to the latest bestseller.

The TV trouble which inspired the engineer was a fault which produced only "desires"

instead of clear pictures. Ex-

perimenting with an old TV

tube Antonio developed a ma-

chine consisting of an "electric eye" like a small telephone re-

corder. The blind reader runs

this "eye" over any newspaper

or book and "reflections" from

the eye connect with a small

TV-like tube with a special

surface.

When the machine is in action

all the blind reader has to do is

move the "eye" along the page

and then run his sensitive

fingers over the surface of the

tube. Immediately he "feels"

the flow of words which run

across the tube's surface like a

ticker-tape. Italian organisations

benefiting the blind are planning

mass production of Antonio's

wonder machine.

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Warming to this theme—on

the strength of a caterpillar

cocktail? Mr Mathur points

out that certain types of beetle

are roasted for human con-

sommation in Laos and that

varieties of bugs are considered

delicacies by people in India,

China and Thailand. In China,

one particular type of bug is

even stocked by chemists as a

jet-propelled tonic, while ants,

bees and wasps are something

of a celebration dish in Burma.

Finally, Mr Mathur adds that

grasshoppers, locusts and

crickets are roasted regularly

in Africa and Arabia. He leaves

the rest to you . . .

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A TOWN FOR SALE The first town ever

may be soon put on the market

in the tiny model town of

Elddon, 80 miles north of Mel-

bourn, originally built to house

2,700 workers and their families

during the building of the Elddon

Dam project. The town is com-

plete with civic and administra-

tive centres, plus a theatre,

sporting arena and swimming

pools, as well as several large

workers' hostels.

The State Rivers and Water

Board Commission, which built

the town for £2,500,000 main-

tains that it would be an ideal

"buy" for light industry and

could also be developed as a

tourist resort. For anyone who

has two and a half million to

spare, that is . . .

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HEIGHT OF EVEREST The exact height

of Everest—a problem which

even the conquerors Hillary and

Tenzing were unable to determine for sure—may be decided

within the next few weeks by

India's Survey Department.

After three years of study the

Department's experts believe

that they have all but found the

scientifically correct answer.

Their research confirms that

the current estimated height

(29,002 feet based on British

calculations in 1849) is not far

out.

Hitherto the decision whether

or not to say prayers for Franco

has been left to the officiating

Priest. Now, however, the

Vatican, "having heard the

opinions of the most distin-

guished ecclesiastic of the na-

tion," has decided that prayers

for the Caudillo will be said

at every Mass, public or

private. The only exception:

Mass for the Dead.

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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

RHK Broadcasting Commentary On Arrival In Hongkong Of Labour Party Group

The Right Honourable C. R. Attlee, O.M., C.H., P.C., M.P., and seven members of the British Labour Party who are now touring China will arrive in Hongkong on Wednesday evening.

English and Chinese commentators from Radio Hongkong will be on the spot to witness the arrival of the party, and at 8.15 on Wednesday evening, Donald Brooks will bring English listeners a recorded account of the event.

Sir Ralph Richardson is the narrator in "Conquest of the Air", a BBC programme broadcast last year to mark the 60th anniversary of the Wright brothers' first flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina in 1903.

In this absorbing feature, which can be heard at 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday, C. H. Gibbs Smith, author and journalist, and Princess Martha of Sweden, set the scene of the early days of flying.

The "Father of the Royal Air Force"—Viscount Trunchbull, speaks of the 1914-18 war, and the courage of the pilots of the first fighter aircraft is illustrated by a vivid story of George Headlam.

The inter-war years are described by the President of the Royal Aero Club, Lord Brabazon of Tara, Major R. H. Mayo and Sir Alan Cobham, whose long distance flights were a spectacular feature in the twenties.

Developments in the dominions are dealt with in recordings by J. A. D. McCurdy, former Governor-General of Nova Scotia, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Chairman of Quintins.

The story of the British Aircraft Industry in the Second World War is told by Sir Frederick Handley-Pule, and future prospects are discussed by Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of BOAC.

"Conquest of the Air", which is written and produced by John Bridges, ends with a forecast by the President of the Interplanetary Society, Arthur Clarke, who believes that spaceships may be able to reach the Moon before the end of the century.

"OFF THE BEATEN TRACK"

Timothy Birch will be in the studio again on Monday evening at 9.15 with some more records which are "Off the Beaten Track". They range from Laurence Olivier giving Hamlet's advice to the Players—Speak the Speech—but Burl Ives with his guitar and "Worried Man Blues".

DRAMA

The play to be heard in this week's Wednesday Theatre is "Where No Wounds Were", dramatised and produced by Louis MacNeice from the novel by Gordon Rees.

This is the story of the strange duel of personalities that develops between a Nazi fighter pilot who lands in England during the war and gives himself up, and his interrogator, a British officer.

MUSIC

Miss Patsy Ton, who was awarded the Gold Medal for all England in the Royal Schools of Music Examinations earlier this year, will be in the studios at 8.30 on Wednesday evening to give a short piano recital.

The Gold Medal is awarded to the candidate who gains the highest marks in Grade Eight of the Royal Schools of Music Examinations, which are held annually.

Listeners may be interested to know that Patsy achieved this distinction after only one year at school in England, and that she was formerly a pupil of Miss Caroline Braga.

Miss Ton will play Prelude and Fugue No. 11 by Bach, Nocturne in G major Opus 37 by Chopin, Rhapsody in G minor Opus 78 by Brahms, and Andantino and Scherzo of Schumann's Sonata in G minor Opus 22.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

10.00 a.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. 10.15 TIME SIGNAL AND GRAMME SUMMARY. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS.

FERNAND



By MIK



NEWS (LONDON RELAY). 10.10 MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS. 10.15 TIME SIGNAL. (LONDON RELAY). 10.15 ANNOUNCEMENTS. THE LABOUR PARTY DELEGATION ARRIVED IN HONGKONG (REBROADCAST). A commentary on the arrival in the Colony of the Rt. Hon. Clement Attlee, the Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, Mr. Tony Benn, Mr. Ernest Gruenwald and other members of the Labour Party Delegation.

Conductor: Donald Brooks. 10.20 PLATE RECITAL (CONCERT HALL).

By Patsy Ton.

10.20 MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS. 10.25 DANCE WALTZ. 10.30 TRIO: Dodo Marmurato and Scherzo.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL.

10.30 THE BRITISH ORCH AND HIS ORCHESTRA. 10.30 Favourite Waltzes.

10.30 Valses Folies; Dolores Waltz; Estudiantina; Espana; My Waltz; for Part 3—"A Lady Bedded."

10.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.30 MORNING MELODY. Camarata and his Orchestra.

10.30 VICTOR YOUNG AND HIS ORCH. 10.30 BING CROSBY (VOCAL).

10.30 SERVICE FROM THE STUDIO. Conducted by the Rev. W. J. Haig-Brown.

10.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The New Symphony Orchestra. Conducted by Sir Bernard Helem.

10.30 p.m. STUDIOS: SPORTS TIME. By John Wallace.

10.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

10.30 VALENTINE'S GIGANTIC GUY LAROGO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS.

10.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.

2.00 STUDIOS: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.

3.00 BUNUS BY BILLY DANIELS. ERICH AND HIS BOLEROISTS.

3.15 TEA TIME WITH TOM BURCH AND HIS BOLEROISTS.

3.30 STUDIOS: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.

4.00 URGENT WELLINGS IN THE BLACK MUSEUM.

4.00 THE POPULAR CLASSICS OF THE C. E. D. Scotland Yard.

4.00 THE POPULAR CLASSICS.

4.00 VALENTINE FANTASIA.

4.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

4.00 MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE.

4.00 FROM THE BBC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.

4.00 MUSIC BY LIBERTY VITALE.

4.00 MUSIC BY LIBERTY VITALE (CONTINUATION).

4.00 MUSIC BY LIBERTY VITALE (CONT

LEAGUE BOWLS

EVERY POINT COUNTS NOW IN THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Recreio Blues' 3-2 defeat by Kowloon Bowling Green Club during the week has changed the race for First Division Lawn Bowls League honours into an interesting two-way affair between them and the Kowloon Cricket Club.

With only two matches to go, the Blues take on their clubmates, Recreio Whites, this afternoon. They must take at least four points from this match and a further four points from Kowloon Bowling Green Club in their last match of the season to build up a 60-40 chance of retaining the title.

The Kowloon Cricket Club, who are four points behind the League leaders with one game in hand have a harder way to go and will be given a grand opportunity to show their fighting qualities in the remaining matches.

Mathematically they can collect a maximum number of 15 points out of these matches to chalk up an aggregate of 61½ as against a possible maximum of 60½ by Recreio Blues.

The Cricket Club bowlers however, expect to meet very strong opposition from at least two of their three remaining opponents, Craygengower, Indian Recreation Club and Kowloon Docks. Twelve points may be possible but for them to collect but the maximum 10 is highly improbable.

The Cox's Road team face the first of their two remaining hurdles this afternoon when they entertain Craygengower Cricket Club. Whereas the Recreio Blues are expected to

repeat their 4-1 win over the Whites, the Cricket Club bowlers will have a more difficult task at hand in trying to repeat their earlier 4-1 win over the Valley Club. It will probably be a very close game with either side capable of winning by a 4-1 margin, but the odds will be more in the favour of the home team.

CRUCIAL GAME

The Second Division game will also see a crucial game as the League-leading Indian Recreation Club clash with second-placed Hongkong Football Club at Sookunpoo.

The Indians, who are now five points ahead of their nearest rivals, will be almost assured of the title if they come off with four points this afternoon, even though they will still have to play KCC and KUDC in their last two matches.

A 4-1 defeat for them today, however, will give not only the Football Club bowlers themselves but also KCC and

ALL SET



Tom Ingham, Queen's Park Rangers skipper, is all set for the new season...but the armful of footballs is only for practice.

David Sheppard May Not Enter The Ministry After All

By ARCHIE QUICK

David Sheppard, of Sussex, England's substitute captain for Len Hutton in two of the Test matches against Pakistan this summer, may not enter the Ministry after all. He has read theology at Oxford University and passed his preliminary examinations but he may not take the Church of England cloth. His heart is in cricket and he is one of the greatest post-war players and if he can find a good job in commerce he will remain that way.

One of the most remarkable incidents in a remarkable day's play at Eastbourne was the general confusion over the time for drawing stumps. Sussex and Glamorgan had played from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sussex had a first innings lead of 229 and had taken seven Glamorgan second innings wickets for 99. The Sussex captain claimed an extra half hour to obviate play on a third day. He did not get it—and then everyone was doubtful about the MCC laws on the matter.

Umpires Alec Skelding and George Mobjoy confessed they did not know. Nobody knew, except Glamorgan captain Wilf Wooller, who was emphatic that the umpires were wrong. Strangely enough, as he knew, it had happened before this season when Glamorgan played Yorkshire at Northgate—and one of the umpires was George Mobjoy! "It is up to our opponents to find out," said Wooller. "Personally, I shall pray for rain."

TRIUMPH FOR COX

The day's play was a triumph for George Cox, whose 133 may be his last first-class century. He is retiring to become cricket and football coach at Winchster School where Hubert Doggett is a master and a former Sussex player, Ted Bowley, is the present coach.

The day also saw the completion of a remarkable week for young Sussex all-rounder Alan Oakman. Sussex and Glamorgan had met twice in successive matches and Oakman's record was: 32 and 70 not out, plus five wickets for 40 at Swansea, followed by seven for 38 and 58 runs at Eastbourne.

Ian Thomson, another Sussex bowler, completed his 100 wickets in a season for the first time after two blank matches and Wilf Wooller got to within nine runs and six wickets to become the first player of the season to complete the "double"—1,000 runs and 100 wickets. He had never previously accomplished thefeat.

Glamorgan, in the process of rebuilding their side, had crept up into fourth place in the table and Wooller is convinced that he now has the youngsters to make another bid for the Championship.

For his training will shortly be interrupted by two domestic events. He has bought a house in North Wales and will be moving there from Warwick, and wife Gwyneth is expecting their first baby in a few weeks.

Another boxer in the news is Cuban heavyweight Nino Valdes, ranked No. 3 to Bazzard Charles among world title challengers to Rocky Marciano—Don Cockell is No. 2.

Valdes has been offered a fight in London in October and it's possible he may meet the winner of the Johnny Williams v. Jack Hobbs contest at Harringay on September 14.

Save Cricket From The All-Rounders

Says DENNIS HART

English cricket has become "all round" conscious. The man who can score runs and take a few wickets is seen by many to be the salvation of the game. But when, on September 15, the S. S. Orsova sails from Tilbury taking the MCC team to Australia, its complement will include only one player chosen for batting and bowling—Trevor Bailey, the "iron man" of Essex.

For two spinners must be included. To qualify as a batsman, Bailey would have to replace Graveney at No. 5, or Simpson as an opening partner for Hutton.

But can England afford to carry a long tail, and if not how can she avoid one without losing all rounders?

Recent events at the Oval underline the necessity for strengthening the batting.

The answer lies not in producing people who are both moderately well but in having bowlers, specialists in their art, who can also bat a bit, and/or batsmen who can turn an arm.

England has got some men of this calibre, Johnny Wardle for instance, the Yorkshireman of the practical joker, accurate left-arm spin bowling and lusty hitting.

A couple of Wardles in the side and Hutton would have less fear of the tall folding up, and his bowling strength would not be impaired.

The advantage of the specialist is illustrated in Australia. The Aussies founded their cricket success on specialists—Bradman, Ponsford, Barnes, Morris, Lindwall, Johnston etc. And one of the main reasons for the present demise has been the reliance on all rounders.

The Australians wanted more Keith Miller. They failed to recognise that the Millers of this world come once in a lifetime. Last year three budding Millers came to England with the touring party, Ron Archer, Alan Davidson and Ritchie Benaud.

What happened? Archer, primarily a bowler, did average 23 in five Test innings. But he took only four Test wickets. Originally a batsman, Davidson did take eight wickets. Yet his ten innings yielded only 182 runs. Benaud in five innings made 15 runs while his two wickets cost 187.

The tragedy is that all three are fine natural cricketers. Had they developed their talents singly they would surely have done better and might well have been the cause of saving the Ashes for Australia.

Australia and England can both heed this lesson. Instead of "all rounders to save cricket" the cry should be "save cricket from all rounders."

WORTH IT?

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BEDSER CLASS

Just think back on the great names of cricket, Bradman, Hobbs, Hutton, Compton, Larwood, Verity, Headley—specialists all. And who did so much to gain Pakistan that shock draw in the current series against England, an all rounder? No, a specialist, Fazal Mahmood, a bowler of the Alec Bedser class.

There are pretty general complaints of inadequate expense allowances, poor facilities at tracks, too-little prize-money, especially crowded meetings, and of drivers taking unnecessary risks in unsafe cars.

Stock-car driver William ("Ginger") Holby, of Sale, Cheshire, contends that there is a solution to this—a drivers' federation.

As a result of preliminary talks he has had here and there he hope to form one.

Says "Ginger": "The situation at some tracks is chaotic. Races often end in arguments, and there was something of a fight at one meeting."

The majority of drivers are ex-speedway men. Considering the risks they take, there is somewhat meagre reward, even for the leading prize winners."

At most meetings in Britain hill-starters receive £10, which they need in view of their expenses, particularly after racing when battered machines need considerable repair in readiness for the next battle.

Winners of hoods receive a mere £15 and runners-up £8, £6, £4 and £2, down to the fifth places.

In the final, prize money starts at £35 and finishes at £5 for fifth man. And this at meetings where the money rolls in from attendances ranging from 10,000 to 100,000 people.

BOWLS TROPHY 284 YEARS OLD

A bowls trophy dating back nearly 300 years was played for by two Birmingham clubs—Kynoch and Battersby—recently. The All-England Non-Barrow Cup competition was started in 1870, and King Charles II took an interest in it.

The donor was the Worshipful Tinplate Workers Guild, alias the Workmen of the Ancient City Guild of London.

The "old" way to avoid some tax complication, Kynoch, the winners, were captained by George Cummins, the former Aston Villa and Scotland international full back.

(London Express Service)

England's Cricket Bat Industry Hit By Tree Disease

England's cricket bat-making industry may be in danger unless there is a check to a disease now affecting willow trees—from which bats are made.

A possible bat famine is forecast by willow tree growers in the county of Essex following a recent order for the destruction of 15,000 trees worth about £200,000 found to be affected with watermark disease.

Ninety per cent of all the willows used for cricket bats are grown in Essex.

In an attempt to overcome the problem, Essex County Council have taken on two extra officers besides their normal inspectors to tour the county checking all young trees.

If one is found to be contaminated, the owner is ordered to fell it and burn it immediately. He does so at his own expense and receives no compensation.

At Lenden Roding and High Easter—once the home of willow tree growing—row after row of trees are riddled with the disease and the areas have now been abandoned.

Mr J. Laney, who has 3,000 trees at Stubbings where he has grown willows for more than 40 years, recently had to destroy 50 trees.

HUNGARIANS TO PLAY AT HAMPDEN PARK

Ervin Puskas and the Hungarian streamlined soccer side will play Scotland at the famous Hampden Park stadium, probably on December 8, a week after the England v. Germany match at Wembley.

When the Hungarians were approached about the fixture after the World Cup they proposed sending a reserve team. Said Scottish officials: only your best will be acceptable.—(London Express Service).

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Randolph Turpin's Comeback Postponed

Randolph Turpin's comeback as a light-heavyweight, planned for next month, has been put back until November 16, at Harringay.

For his training will shortly be interrupted by two domestic events. He has bought a house in North Wales and will be moving there from Warwick, and wife Gwyneth is expecting their first baby in a few weeks.

Another boxer in the news is Cuban heavyweight Nino Valdes, ranked No. 3 to Bazzard Charles among world title challengers to Rocky Marciano—Don Cockell is No. 2.

Valdes has been offered a fight in London in October and it's possible he may meet the winner of the Johnny Williams v. Jack Hobbs contest at Harringay on September 14.

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SPORTING SAM



By Reg. Wootton

REFLECTIONS ON THE FINAL TEST AND THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE

By PETER DITTON

Where Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and the West Indies failed, little Pakistan, babes of the Imperial Cricket Conference, have succeeded. First go, they have won a Test match in England and, more important still, drawn a four-match series.

It is true that the weather played a considerable part in the matches. It ruined the first game at Lord's and almost certainly saved Pakistan from defeat at Manchester. But that is merely part and parcel of an English summer and in no way detracts from the merit of their performance.

Like England since the war, to England lies eight years ahead and while a number of pair of players, with other members of the team playing secondary, but nonetheless important, roles.

EQUAL OF ANY

In Faiz Mahmood they have a medium-paced new-ball bowler who, of his type, is the equal of any in the world. In the doll-like 10-year-old Hanif they have an opening batsman with all the subtle skill of a Test veteran.

Without a shadow of doubt, they could walk into any present-day Test side. They, as Mutton and Bodger for England, were the cornerstones upon which Kardar, himself no mean cricketer, built up his match-winning side.

It took him some considerable time to hit upon the match-winning combination. He found, as many touring captains before him, that pre-conceived notions as to the likeliest-looking Test eleven do not always work out in practice.

The more credit to him, therefore, that in the short space of three months he was able to bring together the best players from a party in whose original selection he was not concerned.

Apart from Faiz and Hanif, who have already been mentioned, one also needs to single out wicket-keeper Imtiaz Ahmed, who caught seven batsmen in the last match to bring his total for the series to 11. He was already a good wicket-keeper when the tour started and has since improved with every match.

And then there are the two other heroes of the final victory, pint-sized off-spinner Zulfiqar and the equally diminutive Waizir, Hanif's elder brother. Zulfiqar's lack of height will always handicap him in his bowling, but he does his best to make amends by tossing the ball well up and loses little in the way of accuracy in so doing.

Waizir, a slightly portly figure, has a fine defence, with bat held remarkably upright, and as he showed in the last wicket stand with Mahmood, his lack of inches are no handicap when it comes to punching the ball on the off-side.

IMMEASURABLE

In Pakistan the impetus which the win will give to the cause of cricket should be almost immeasurable. The next visit

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT PLANNED

Non-Chinese table tennis players are to have a tournament all to themselves. This is being organised by the Missions to Seamen at Gloucester Road and entries close on September 30.

The organisers feel that there should be considerable interest in such a tournament as the standard at Chinese-run competitions is too high for the average non-Chinese player.

The Secretary of the Missions to Seamen is also making available a badminton court for Servicemen who wish to use it. This will be available only in daylight hours every day of the week.

Don't Get The Breeze Up!

Says BERNARD HUNT

Don't get the wind-up when it's windy. That is what my father used to say. Relax rather than stiffen up. Don't let a breeze alter your style. If you do, it will beat you and ruin your golf.

I am well aware that all that is much easier said than accepted and put into practice. Very few of us can really ignore the problems which blow into our game when half a gale suddenly hits us. But the old advice—not to get the wind up and not to stiffen up—is thoroughly sound. I have always found that knowledge gets rid of panic quicker than anything else, so let's discuss this wind problem more closely.

When I am hitting into wind I only alter one thing in my swing—and that only a fraction. All I do is keep my hands a little more in front of the club-head at the address and throughout the shot. The main point is that the alteration is very minute. And it is designed to keep the ball lower than usual in flight. If the wind is of near gale force I might also shorten my swing a little and widen my stance slightly in order to try to maintain balance more easily.

DON'T HIT HARDER

Otherwise I just go through and hit the ball in the ordinary way. The strong tendency is always to try to hit in harder than usual, because you know you will lose length into a headwind. At all costs you must curb that feeling. You simply must not press. From the tee accept a little less length. Through the green take a club, or two clubs, more than usual. But don't press. As soon as you try to press you start to sway or lurch or lose timing and the whole thing is ruined.

The other thing you must NOT do, is to try to steer the ball to keep it on line. Hit it crisply and firmly, and push the club-head right through to the hole.

I am all against the many fancy ideas that are sometimes put forward for beating the wind. The simpler you keep your swing and your basic approach to the problem, the better. For instance I never try to "hook" a shot to counter a wind which sweeps from left to right. Indians prefer the most simple idea of hitting straight down the left hand side of the fairway and allowing the wind to bring the ball in if it wants to do so.

When the wind is blowing from right to left I merely reverse the procedure—hit down the right hand side of the fairway and again let it drift in to the middle. If there is plenty of fairway space I don't mind even closing my stance a little to get slight draw to help the ball to run with the wind helping it. For the handicap player that might be a bit risky, but it does help to give astonishing distance if you play it properly.

EXTRA HEIGHT—HIGHER TEE?

Many people insist that a properly hit ball is not affected by the wind. To a large extent that is probably true. The trouble is that none of us can hit the ball properly all the time. There is always a degree of error somewhere. That is why when you are playing a pitch to the green, into the wind, it is so often better to play a "pushed" type of seven iron rather than your usual high number eight or nine. The pushed seven keeps the ball lower in flight, and the push, with your hands slightly leading the clubhead, helps it to hold line.

When you are playing with the wind behind you, the im-

portant thing to remember is to restrain your desire to slam really hard and knock the ball out of sight. That would amount to the old "press" again. Get it into your mind that you don't need extra power. The wind is dead behind you, so widen it. If you put the ball in the air the wind will do the rest.

Some people find they can get extra height by hitting from a higher tee. I never think that a good idea. I always find it loses power. The best way to get a better pick-up and still retain the punch you want, is to play the ball a little further from your front foot than usual. The accent, as with all modifications in golf, is on the word "little".

In brief—relax and make use of the wind rather than let it panic you.

Arsenal Go To Russia — Time The Russians Came To Highbury

Says HAROLD PALMER

Arsenal face the next serious challenge to English soccer. Arrangements are now nearly complete for them to meet Spartak or Moscow Dynamos at the Moscow Stadium on Tuesday, October 5, and for a return game by floodlight at Highbury on Tuesday, November 2.

Arsenal's opponents are not decided yet. Although the vast Moscow Stadium, with its 100,000 capacity, is the home of the Dynamos, apparently Spartak will provide the opposition should they be showing better form.

Arsenal, whoever face them, will certainly be the team to visit London. "There is an air of purposefulness about this place today," commented the not-so-weightily Tom Whittaker, after the departure of Sir Stanley Rous, the FA Secretary, and the First Secretary of the Russian Embassy with whom he had been finalising the tour arrangements.

"In those days the idea was that the players should have the ball in training about once a week. We took it for granted that we were on the right lines. The Continentals have shown us more, but we can get back, we can catch them up and pass them. We have been challenged and we accept the challenge."

It would not surprise me if one of these days Arsenal's No. 8 played an attacking game. It would not indicate any departure from the defensive centre-half. It would simply mean the adoption of the Continental habit of having a player with No. 3 on his back doing that job.

AS ADEQUATE

Arsenal may be criticised for the development of the stopper centre-half, but Mr. Whittaker told him that he would be tried as the successor to Joe Mercer at left-half.

Goring is sparing in his speech and at first his comment was merely "If you say so." He was not very enthusiastic, but willing to do his best. Now Mr. Whittaker believes that he is really getting to like the idea and in last week's trial his form impressed everybody.

Arsenal made only one close season capture. They paid about £10,000 to Brentford for their promising young forward, Jimmy Bloomfield.

MUST HAVE COLOUR

There may soon be more spectacular moves by Arsenal. I asked Mr. Whittaker if they would buy and his honest admission that they would surprise me.

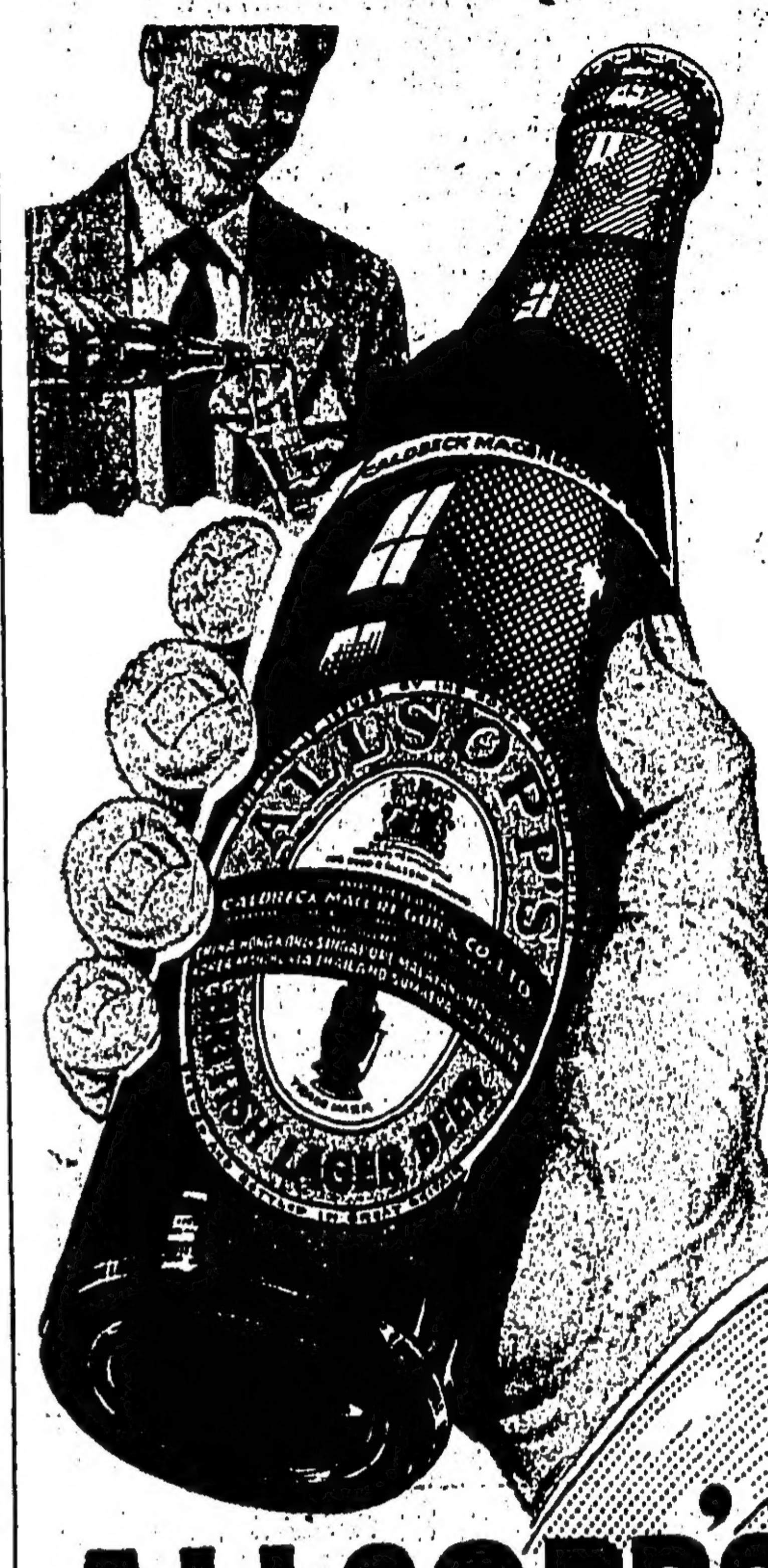
"I think we must," he said. "We must have some colour."

So I pressed him about John Charles, Leeds and Welsh international. Yes, he had to agree he would like to have him—and the necessary advances had been made.

Charles is a good club man. He wants to stay with Leeds, who certainly do not want to sell him. That makes Mr. Whittaker all the more eager. "We must have men who have a 'good club spirit' and with that he distanced away to round off his day watching a junior trial at Southgate.

Charles is going to be in the news again soon, and I should think that they will be back among the honours again.

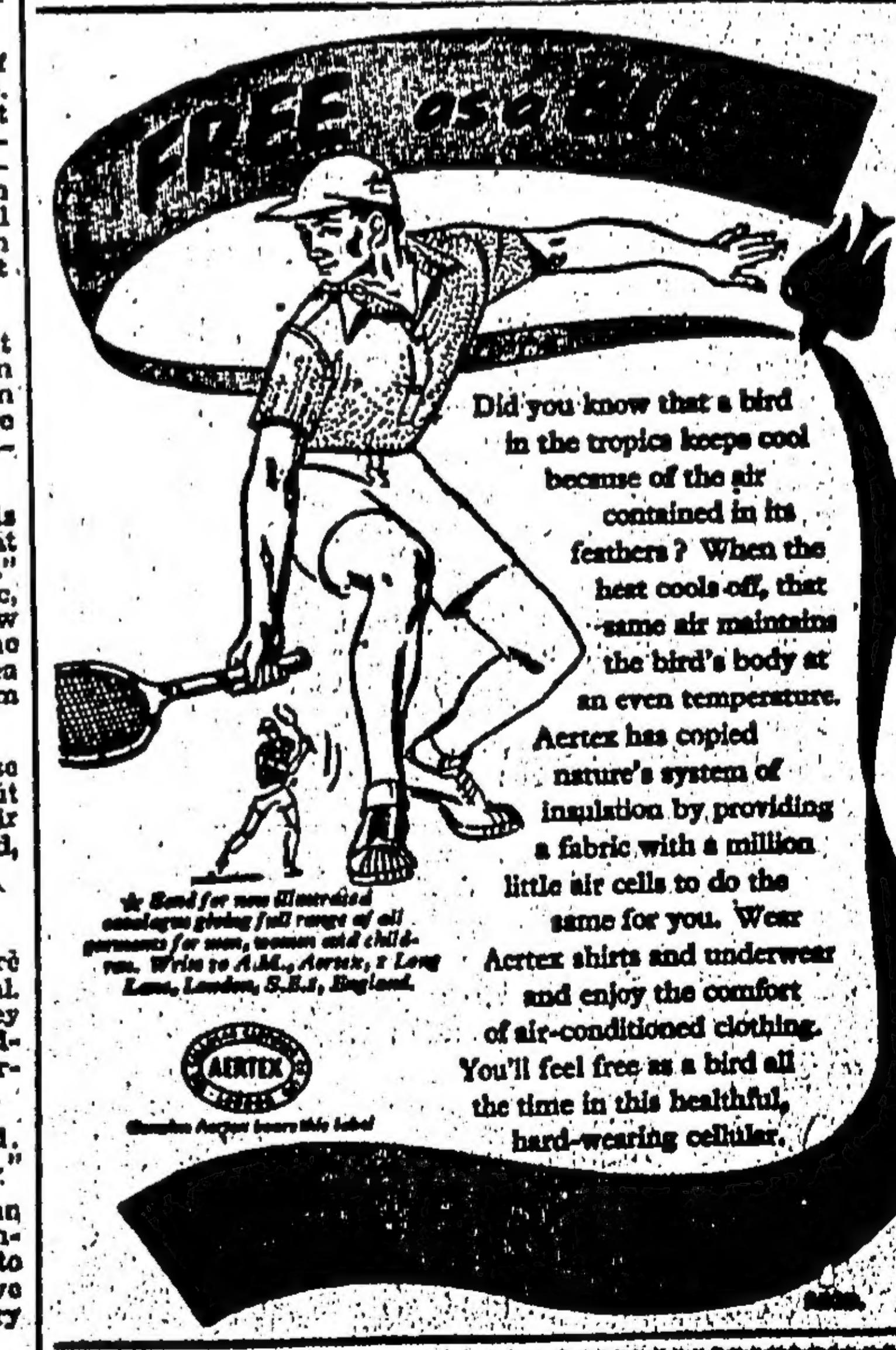
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 Sails Sept. 9 for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon, Chittagong & Calcutta.

(Accepting cargo for transhipment
 Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STAR LINE
 Fast regular freight—refrigerator—passenger service to Korea, Japan, Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf.

"THAI"
 In Port Loading
 Sails Aug. 23 for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Basrah, Khorramshahr, Kuwait & Bahrain.

"STAR ALCYONE"
 Arrives Sept. 2 from Singapore.
 Sails Sept. 2 for Pusan, Kobe & Yokohama.

(Accepting cargo for transhipment
 Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STEAMSHIP CORPORATION S.A.
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

FOR A NEW AND DIFFERENT HOBBY—

MAKE COLOURED LEAF PRINTS

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS

If you are looking for a new and different hobby which you follow for any hobby, then try making leaf prints on photographic print. After the print is properly fixed, wash it in about eight changes of water, leaving it in the water 10 minutes each time.

Select any leaf you wish. One with a distinctive shape such as the maple or oak is a good choice, or you can obtain a lacey effect by choosing pine.

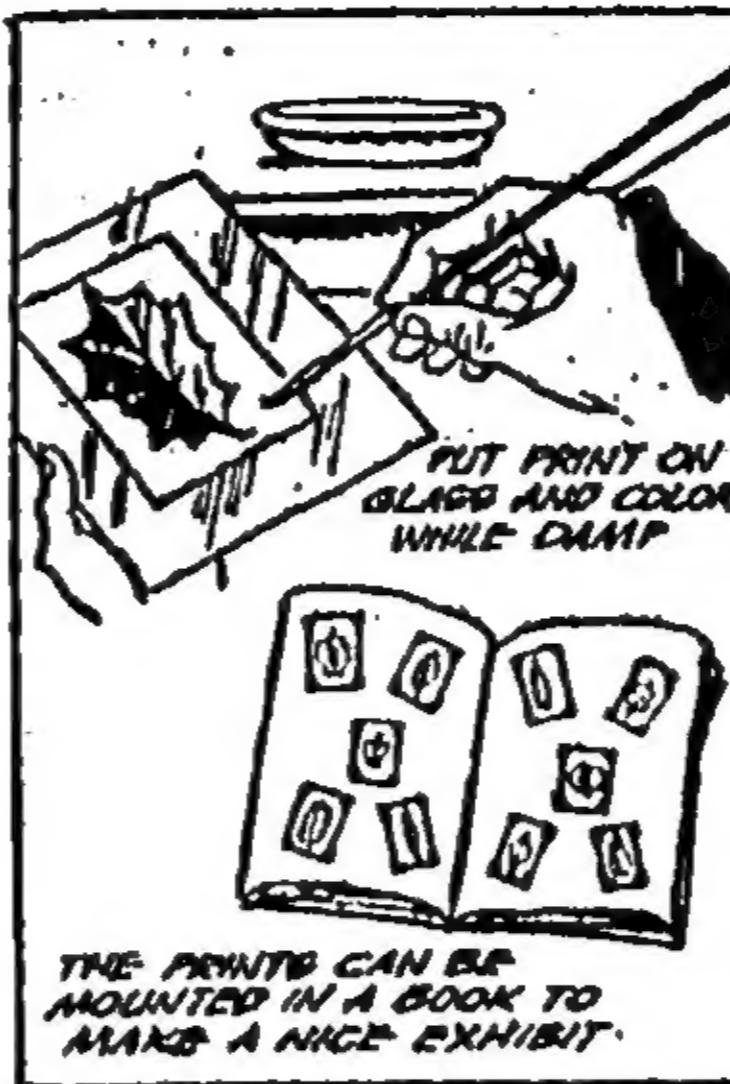
In a very dark room lighted only by a ruby light, place the leaf on the glass of the printing frame. Place the sensitised side of the photographic paper next to the leaf, and clamp down the back of the frame. Expose to 40-watt lamp at a distance of four inches, for from eight to 15 seconds.

Fix and develop the print under the ruby light. It will fall off without effort

from you. Therefore, do not try to take it off before it is ready. When the print is dry, it is finished, and you will have your first coloured leaf print. It is best to make only one print the first time. Once you are experienced you can make several prints of different leaves at one time.

Mount them in an album, writing the name of each underneath.

The supplies mentioned are inexpensive, but it helps if there is a camera bug in the family who already has the necessary materials.



The Liberty

Torch

LIBERTY — how sweet the word. And how inspiring the Statue of Liberty that has welcomed fugitives from oppression to America for the past 86 years.

Now the U.S. issues a stamp to spread the fame of this beacon still more. The Statue was a gift to America from the people of France to commemorate the first hundred years of U.S. independence.

The French people contributed US\$450,000 for the statue and the Americans added another US\$350,000 for the pedestal.

The architect, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, designed the figure of a woman as Liberty. She is 151 feet in height and holds aloft a torch which is, with her giant hand, 40 feet higher.

This is the welcome given to everyone entering New York Harbour. And the stamp which shows it is perforated 11, recess-printed and costs 1d. in London.—J.A.A.



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword

Triangle

This triangle is based on an ORANGE. The second word is an abbreviation for "senior"; third, "a Greek"; fourth, "Ireland"; and fifth, "an insect's bite." Complete the triangle.

ORANGE

Where is it?

There are a few structures around the world which have international fame. Some are old, some are new. We give you 10 of them, all built by human hands. You are to do two things: (1) Locate each of these structures. (2) Tell what it is or give some bit of information about it. Score yourself one point for each part. A perfect score is therefore 20, which would be almost too good to be true.

1. The White House.
2. The Colosseum.
3. The Bok Tower.
4. The Empire State Building.
5. Sing Sing.
6. The Louvre.
7. The Rose Bowl.
8. Independence Hall.
9. The Pyramids.
10. The Parthenon.

Picture word square

Substitute a four-letter word for each of the pictures and you'll find it reads the same down us across when you are right.



Vowel-less

The Puzzleman forgot to put vowels in his sentence, so it's up to you to help him out:

"Ah! If I f' l w'l add thg thm f'm crs th brd lgn."

Word marriages

Marry a three-letter word for the first part to a three-letter word for the second part and you'll have a six-letter word as a result of the marriage.

Body of water—Male offspring

Rodent—Pronoun

Pigpen—Permit

(Solutions on Page 20)

CHINESE CREEDS and CUSTOMS



them. Sit down and I'll tell you how to write a book."

Teddy sat down at Mr Punch's feet. So did Knarf and Handi. Then Mr. Punch smiled down on them, lit his pipe, took a few puffs and began:

"Now the important thing about books is that they all talk!"

Hearing this Knarf and Handi and Teddy all exclaimed in a single astonished voice: "What! Books talk?"

"They certainly do," said Mr. Punch. "That's what's so wonderful about them. Oh, please don't misunderstand me. They don't talk out loud the way most folks do. But all books are filled with words. And what else do words do but say things? And isn't that exactly what talking is—saying things?"

"Yes, it's something very important," said Knarf. "Teddy wants to know how to write a book."

Teddy nodded. "That's right," he said to Mr. Punch. "How do you begin?"

An Authority on Books

"Well," said Mr. Punch, "who by this time was fully awake, looking around in surprise at Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Knarf and Handi, the shadow-children. "Oh!" he said, "you could never guess how many books there are in the world. They're all about books. I've read them, I've written them, and I've kept them. I've also bought them, borrowed them, lent them, and always enjoyed

"So before you sit down to write a book, Teddy, you must be quite sure that you have something to talk about."

Teddy was quite sure he had something to talk about, but he wasn't sure at all that he had enough to talk about to fill up a book.

"And another thing," said Mr. Punch, "before you can sit down to write a book, you must be quite sure that you can write it well."

Teddy replied that he could write some words. "Not many—just some," he said.

Reading Your Own Words

Then Mr. Punch said that before Teddy could sit down to write a book there was still another thing. "You have to know how to read... so that you can read the words you've written to be sure that they're the right words."

All in all, Teddy ended up by feeling pretty disengaged about writing a book. But Mr. Punch smiled and folded some sheets of paper and clipped them together and showed them to both Knarf and Handi. "Look at these own books," he said, "and see if they're good enough to publish."

BY V. R. BURKHARDT

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

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HONG KONG

Rupert and the Spring Chicken - 37



YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28

BORN today, you possess a real touch of genius and it should be your major objective in life to cultivate these gifts and reach the heights of achievement to which you should aspire. Music, drama, the arts as well as philosophy, mathematics and his story are but a few of the fields in which you could find success. The degree of your success will be measured by the degree of your confidence in your ability. Whatever you desire to do—that you may accomplish.

Your mind is one for analysis and reasoning and you are not a person ever to approach a problem superficially. You insist upon reaching down deep to get at the basic roots and facts of everything. Your very thoroughness makes you outstanding in a world where many think that "once over lightly" is all that is necessary for success.

Intuitive, almost to the point of being psychic about people, you are a good judge of character at first sight. Your first impressions are accurate and you rarely, if ever, make a mistake. You have an excellent earning capacity and will be able to work with or under others as well as being able to carry on by yourself. Although not demonstrative, you are deeply affectionate and should find great and lasting happiness in marriage.

Among those who born on this date are: Goethe, poet, Sir Edward Burnes-Jones, architect, Ira D. Sankey, evangelist; Charlotte Woodruff, actress, John Ferguson Weir, sculptor, James Oliver, inventor, Charles Boyer, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Attending the church of your choice could bring you special joy and pleasure at this time. Seek spiritual advice.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — Be careful if you are driving on roads heavy with traffic. Watch out for the other fellow, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) — Wind up a pleasant week end safely. If away from home, get an early start back and go slowly!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — Some not-so-good signs are intermixed with the excellent, but if you are careful you will be able to get along.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — This can be one of the best days this month. Enjoy yourself, but take time out to make future plans.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Mar. 19) — You may find it wise to seek spiritual advice in a matter of great importance to your activities.

BORN today, you are one of those unusual combinations of whimsy, caprice, bright humour, yet with serious attitudes toward all the serious things of life. You seem to divide all of living into two parts: your working day, when you are austere and devoted to the business of making money or gaining fame and success in your profession, and your playtime hours, when you forget everything except having a good time. You have a great deal of energy and consequently are able to do many things at one and the same time.

You are fond of people and are a fine host or hostess. You enjoy social life but prefer entertaining in your own home to going out for the evening and attending public entertainments. It is likely that you will cultivate a group of people who have similar interests and enjoy their company to the exclusion of any casual acquaintances. Fond of music, literature and the arts, you may become the patron or an appreciative audience rather than a performer or active participant.

Your fortune seems to run in cycles. Learn to take advantage of the favourable periods but avoid committing yourself to important decisions during the month of May. In marriage, wed someone born under Scorpio, Libra or Sagittarius for such is apt to be the most congenial.

Among those born on this date are: Maurice Maeterlink, philosopher; Oliver Wendell Holmes, author; John Locke, philosopher; Albert Ritchie of Virginia and Wm. G. Brownlow of Tennessee, statesmen.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Good ideas should be a dime a dozen, so select the best one and put it into immediate operation.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — You should be able to trust your hunches today. Act upon whatever comes to mind, first. It will be right.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) — Even if the flow of ideas appears at its peak for you, it is important that you become highly selective.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — At home—but on the job especially—make use of an innovation in procedure to advance yourself.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — Investigate the details of a suggestion made to you by another before adopting it. Be very sure it is right.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Mar. 19) — A single, bright idea today could pave the way to your fame and fortune, so be on the lookout for it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — One of those times when your brain is superactive and sensitive to all impressions. Select only the best ideas.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) — You should have the green light for anything that you want to do now. Make excellent progress in your career.

Taurus (Apr. 21-May 19) — Be alert if travelling in heavy traffic, especially, during the very early morning hours. Don't

DUMB-BELLS**JACOBY ON BRIDGE****Be Careful, Avoid Foolish Errors**

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN today's hand was played in a recent match between England and Scotland, the South player at one table "blow" a cold game. Try playing the hand yourself, and see if you're tempted to make the same mistake.

WEST opened the ten of diamonds, and East won with the king. East now made an excellent shift to clubs, and South proceeded to draw three rounds of trumps ending in the dummy, and took the heart finesse, losing to West's king.

Would you play it the same way up to this point? If so, you'd better have an alibi ready because you're going to go down.

West took the heart finesse with the king and led the queen of clubs, forcing out declarer's last trump. Dummy still had a losing club and a losing diamond, and there was no way to prevent the loss of four tricks. It's quite all right to draw three rounds of trumps, but it is hard to know whether he

should play it this way up to this point?

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) — A good, active day, yet you must be warned that only utter frankness and sincerity will get you what you want.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) — Don't permit haste to thrust you into error or impulse to cause you to disregard important basic detail.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) — An optimistic, philosophical attitude today will bring all decisions over into your camp. Now get what you want out of life.

NORTH
▲ K 7 6 2
▼ J 7 6 3
♦ J 5
◆ 10 9 5

WEST
◆ 4 3
▼ K 10 9
♦ 10 9 2
♣ Q J 4 3 2

EAST
▲ 9 8 5
▼ 4 2
♦ A K 7 4
◆ K 8 7 6

SOUTH (D)
▲ A Q J 10
▼ A Q 9 5
♦ A Q 8 3
♣ A

North-South vul.
South West North East
Pass 2 Pass Pess
3 Pass 3 Pass Pess
4 Pass Pass Pess
Opening lead: ♦ 10

There is no excuse for taking the heart finesse immediately. South must lead a diamond to knock out the ace.

If the opponents refuse clubs, the best defence, South ruffs with his last trump and cashes the queen of diamonds in order to discard dummy's last club. It is then easy to cash the ace of hearts and lead a heart towards dummy, giving up one trick in the suit. By this line of play, declarer loses only one heart and two diamonds—and no clubs.

It is forgotten by these starry-eyed enthusiasts for "streamlining" that language exists to express thought. I do not pretend to know why so many English children cannot read well. I could suggest that the dislocation of schooling during the war years has something to do with it. The overcrowded classes; the poorly paid teachers; and above all the children come from illiterate homes. I remember in 1938 or 1939 the Government of the day said that it could not afford £8 million to raise the school-leaving age. (The budget was just under £1,000 million then, I think). If you economise on

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